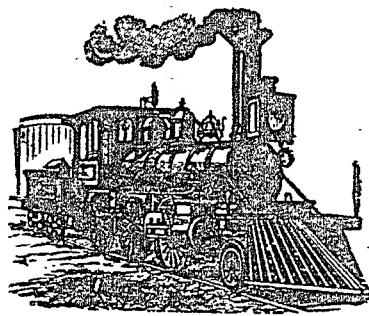
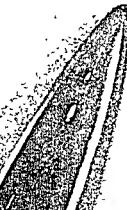
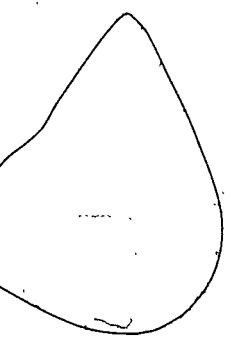


EARLY HISTORY
OF THE
MEDICINE HAT COUNTRY

By J. W. MORROW





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PREFACE

This history of the Medicine Hat country has been compiled with the greatest care. All the facts narrated have been obtained from reliable men or secured from authentic sources. Altogether it has involved the reading of over a hundred books on Western Canada; personal letters written to, or interviews with prominent old-timers all over Southern Alberta. There is a wealth of literature dealing with Northern Alberta and Saskatchewan, but the southern parts of these provinces are largely virgin soil to the historian. The object has been to produce a readable and interesting as well as reliable account of early days in Medicine Hat district, which people can send to their friends in Eastern Canada, Great Britain and the United States. The opinions expressed are our own; by them we stand or fall. All through we have striven to write in a spirit of candor and justice, so that when the end comes, as it does to all, we may remember the injunction of the Moor, "Speak me fair in death—nothing extenuate nor set down aught in malice." We have not gone outside Medicine Hat to have it printed, and our best thanks are due Mr. Downing and the staff of The News, as the work has been printed in very readable type and well done.

The Medicine Hat Historical Society have reprinted this book on early history for public interest - it was reprinted locally by the Val Marshall Printing Ltd. firm.

EARLY HISTORY OF THE MEDICINE HAT COUNTRY

Having been asked to write an article for the Woman's Institute District Convention, dealing with the early history and settlement of Medicine Hat and surrounding district, and with any Indian legends or traditions associated with localities within the bounds of said district, I shall undertake the task, remembering Macaulay's injunction that "the chief duty of a writer is to record the birth of events without drawing upon the imagination for unnecessary swaddling clothes."

As a great number of names and places, all the way from the Red Deer river to the International Boundary, are closely bound up with Indian traditions, it would be well perhaps that I should touch on them even ever so lightly before going on to deal with events better known to the historians of this Province, such as the coming of the Mounted Police to the Cypress Hills in 1874, the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway in 1882, the early days of Medicine Hat, or the coming of the ranchers and farmers in later times. So I shall proceed to tell how Medicine Hat got its name.

THE HAT'S NAME.

People often exclaim, "What's in a name?" and Shakespeare hints that "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet," yet what true Westerner would willingly exchange the name of his home town or city for some other title which some one might consider more suitable or perhaps more easily pronounced. Why so? Because every genuine Westerner knows that the names bestowed generally enshrine some Indian tradition, or embalm some historic event connected with the development of the West. For instance, the capital city of Saskatchewan, before receiving its present title, was known as "Pile of Bones," being the summer camping ground of the half-breeds when hunting buffalo on the plains around Regina.

Moose Jaw got its peculiar name from the fact that the Earl of Mulgrave, an officer in the guards, while on a buffalo hunting trip was obliged to splice a broken cart wheel with a moose jaw bone near the site of the present railroad centre. Similarly, the city of Medicine Hat has a name and character entirely its own, and though some years ago a few Solomons got up an agitation for giving this city a more Eastern title, such as Smithsville or Jonesburg, the good sense of the citizens revolted against such

an outrage, and the proposed change was defeated by an overwhelming vote of almost ten to one. Why did the people of Medicine Hat vote thus? Because they realized that the name given to their city, in days long gone by, represented an Indian legend well worth preserving.

By way of explanation let me say that medicine means more to an Indian than to any white man. We look upon medicine as simply a drug, while to an Indian mind it has nothing whatever to do with drugs, but is a charm, a fetish, magic, mystic, unearthly power; hence the hat of the medicine man, which always brings good luck, and the well known expression when events turn out according to the incantations of the medicine man—"his medicine is strong." Now we are in a position to explain the tradition from which the city of Medicine Hat gets its name. Many years before the coming of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police a large band of Cree Indians, with many tents and ponies, were camped on the flat on the north side of the town, now known as Riverside as good water was very easily obtained from the springs on the hill side.

Some scouts from a war party of Blackfeet located them, and the following morning at dawn the Blackfeet split the air with a sudden war-whoop and came thundering down on the sleeping camp. A fierce fight ensued, and gradually the Crees were driven towards Police Point, fighting a stiff rear-guard action in order that the squaws and ponies might safely cross the ford at the lower end of the town. In the shock and din of the conflict, while the medicine man belonging to the Cree war party was making his way across the river a gust of wind came up very suddenly, and, catching his hat, whirled it into the Saskatchewan. The Cree braves on the south bank who were covering the retreat, seeing this disaster and regarding it as peculiarly an omen of ill luck, inasmuch as it had befallen their medicine man, immediately lost all confidence and fled without striking another blow or loosing another arrow.

The victorious Blackfeet crossed the river and pursued the remnants of the Cree camp as far as Many Island Lake—now the much-talked-of oil field. (By the way, does anyone wear a Medicine Hat sign of good luck? Then if not, and you are looking for oil, why stand ye here gazing to the south? Turn to the east and try our Medicine Hat, it may bring you good luck as it did to the Blackfeet). This ford has ever since been known as the place where the-medicine-man-lost-his-hat. Later it was contracted to Medicine Hat.

NAMES OF PLACES

Speaking of names, Walsh, just thirty miles east of Medicine Hat, was named after Major Walsh, just as Irvine, originally

known as the "twenty mile post," was called after a very well known leader among the Mounted Police, Col. Irvine. Though a most capable officer he never had full justice done him for his services in the Riel Rebellion. Previous to the outbreak he repeatedly drew the attention of those in authority to the trouble brewing, and with the temperature 20 below zero he covered the 291 miles between Regina and Prince Albert in seven days. The half-breeds were preparing to intercept his force at Batoche, when, to their great amazement and disgust, he discreetly made a detour, crossing the Saskatchewan at another point—Agnew's. Arm chair critics severely blamed Col. Irvine for remaining in Prince Albert instead of joining General Middleton. However, after the rebellion, Gabriel Dumont confided to a number of people that had it not been for Col. Irvine's force in Prince Albert the rebels would have attacked the unguarded supply posts and grub wagons in the rear of Middleton's column, which would have been disastrous. Returning to names of places in the immediate district of Medicine Hat, Dunmore and Stair received their names from Lord Dunmore and the Earl of Stair, both of whom were large shareholders in the company floated by Sir Lester Kaye in England about 1885, and which tried farming on a large scale from 1885—1890, having many thousands of acres of land around Swift Current, Gull Lake, Forres, Dunmore, Stair, Bantry, Namaka and Langdon. Bowell was called after a rather unfortunate Canadian statesman, Sir McKenzie Bowell, as another place a little further up the line was called after Sir Leonard Tilley. Seven Persons gets its very peculiar name because of a rather remarkable Indian legend or tradition—that seven white men were found dead outside their tents near Bull's Head on the creek. While it is more than probable they were murdered by Crees, murder is never mentioned but the Cree legend is that they were most mysteriously stricken dead by an almighty fiat of the great spirit for venturing into territory belonging to the Red Man. Ever since then the place has been known by the Indians as the-place-where-seven-persons-were-found-dead. Afterwards abbreviated into Seven Persons.

THE DROWNING FORD.

About twenty-five miles northeast of Medicine Hat there is a crossing on the Saskatchewan known by the above very significant title. How did it get its name? When Palliser was making his trip to the Cypress Hills in 1859 he came across a bunch of Cree Indians between Medicine Hat and the forks of the Red Deer. Among these Indians was one who always kept his head covered with a piece of blanket, and was very sensitive when any one inquired why he went about with a woollen wig on. Further inquiries on the part of Palliser revealed a very curious story. Some few years before this, about 1855, there was a temporary peace pact between the Crees and Blackfeet and a band of Crees were

camped near the present Drowning Ford ranch, while a band of Blackfeet were on the north side, out towards Brutus, hunting buffalo. The Crees, all young bloods, made a raft, crossed the river and stole about thirty head of ponies from the Blackfeet camp, running them back to the river and swimming them across behind the raft. On the discovery of the theft, the Blackfeet followed the trail of the horse-thieves down to the river bank. The Crees, having no better sense, flashed a message over with the aid of a mirror and, never dreaming that the Blackfeet could cross, it being early in May, just after the breaking up of the ice, started a war dance to rub in their victory. The Blackfeet apparently gave up the crossing of the river as hopeless and turned back on the trail they had followed to the river. However, when out of sight, about 70 of them went up stream about ten miles and swam their ponies across. About dark they sneaked down and closed in around the Cree camp. At dawn they raised their war whoop and charged in among the Crees, who, taken completely by surprise, and outnumbered more than two to one, lost about a dozen shot down by arrows as they came out of their tents. Of the remainder a number were drowned, trying to cross and only four escaped, among them was the Indian who later always wore the woollen wig. In the melee he was knocked unconscious by a blow from a stone club and had his scalp lifted while in a state of blissful ignorance as to what was happening. After coming to, he started eastwards and ultimately joined the other three who had escaped. Having lost his scalp and the medicine man not being able to concoct any hair restorer that would work on his bald and shining pate, he was as keenly sensitive on the matter as a young lady who is the possessor of a bristling moustache. The scene of this encounter and tragedy is known in the Cree tongue as the Drowning Ford.

HUNTING GROUND OF BLACKFEET.

As the country tributary to Medicine Hat and the Cypress Hills in particular, previous to the coming of the white man, was the happy hunting ground of the Blackfeet, Peigans and Blood Indians, the tradition generally held by these Indians as to their origin may prove not uninteresting. Long years ago when their forefathers settled along the sources of the Missouri and South Saskatchewan, runs the legend, a certain chief had three sons, Kenna or the Blood, Peigan, and a third who was nameless. The first two were mighty hunters and brought to their father's lodge rich stores of moose, elk and buffalo meat; but the third always returned from the chase empty handed. One day the old chief took from the lodge fire a piece of burnt stick and, wetting it, rubbed the feet of his nameless son with the blackened charcoal and christened him "Satsequea" or Blackfeet. From these three sons are descended the three great tribes of Indians in Southern Alberta, namely Bloods, Peigans and Blackfeet. These three great tribes being banded together proved to be the nucleus of a very strong confederacy, roaming at will over a very large extent of

territory. Indeed their hunting ground extended through Montana to the Missouri, eastward along the Cypress Hills and north via Sounding Lake to the Peace Hills at Wetaskiwin, all east and north of this in the provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta being regarded as the hunting ground of the Crees, though both tribes occasionally sent raiding parties into hostile territory. A rather curious confirmation of this division of Indian territory was provided when the Dominion Government, after the Riel Rebellion, for the purpose of educating the Indians as to the strength and power of the white man in Eastern Canada, prevailed upon a number of the chiefs to take a trip, at the expense of the Government, to Ottawa and other eastern cities. "Mekastino," chief of the Bloods, known as Red Crow, and "Crowfoot," the greatest leader the Blackfeet ever produced, were perfectly familiar with the country as far east as Swift Current but after that were out of their element.

BLACKFEET LEGEND ABOUT WOMEN.

The Biblical story of the creation of woman represents Adam as falling asleep and after a rib was taken from the unconscious man his better half was created. Matthew Henry in his commentary says this was done that woman might be near every man's heart and be protected by his strong right arm. Mark Twain, however, insists it was because woman naturally wants to be near a man's hip-pocket and help themselves to his roll of bills. The Indian legend of the creation of woman is somewhat different. The Blackfeet call the creator of men, women and things "Apistokey," which, being interpreted, means the "Maker" or "Former." He has various names and the one above mentioned was given under Christian influence. The original names seems to have been "Napis" or "Old Man." There are, according to Dr. John MacLean, some very curious legends and traditions, concerning this creator spirit, among the Blackfeet.

The Old Man, after creating man, "tried his prentice hand on woman," but the first specimen was not much of a success, as when he had finished the first woman he found she had two mouths, opening vertically in the cheeks and one running across the face, which gave her three tongues. This afforded "The Old Man" a great deal of amusement and, after a hearty laugh, he shrewdly observed that one tongue was quite enough for any woman, and he proceeded to pull out the tongues and close up the mouths in the cheeks. Then, creating woman anew, he left her as she now appears. Again surveying his latest handiwork, he observed "that the tongue was woman's only weapon," just as the sting was the only weapon a bee could use; therefore to allow her unlimited use of three such weapons would result in all men being "stung." People say the Indian has no humor.

FIRST WHITE MEN.

Who the white man was who first crossed the boundaries of the Province of Alberta seems rather uncertain. Dr. Bryce in his work in "The History of the Hudson's Bay Company," says that a small fort was erected by French voyageurs on the Bow River near the site of the city of Calgary. The Rev. John McDougall says that both Blackfeet and Cree Indians knew of a trading post on the South Saskatchewan near the forks of the Red Deer river, built about 125 years ago, and which, as a result of some difference with the Indians, was tossed up in smoke and flame a few years afterwards. About the year 1755, Hendry crossed the South Saskatchewan, following the course of the Red Deer in a north-westerly direction, and to him belongs the honor of making the first discovery of coal in Southern Alberta, near the site of the present Drumheller mines, this find being confirmed by Fidler in 1792. In 1858 Palliser (for whom the Palliser Hotel in Calgary is named) and Hector were sent out from Great Britain to make a survey of the Great Lone Land. They came south from the Hudson's Bay post at Edmonton with guides (1859) via Buffalo Lake, camping in the Hand Hills country for a short time and then made their way to the south bank of the Saskatchewan at the junction of the Red Deer. Afterwards they came straight south by Many Island Lake to the Cypress Hills country, where they reported very fertile land with speargrass waving like fields of barley. From there they struck west on their voyage of discovery by Grassy Lake and Taber to the Kootenay country.

"KOOTENAY BROWN"

Perhaps to the residents of Medicine Hat and surrounding country the most interesting story would be to record the adventures of "Kootenay Brown," who, in the early sixties—to be correct in 1865—after camping with three companions on Seven Persons creek, near the site of Medicine Hat, crossed the flat at the lower end of the city and, following the course of the Saskatchewan, fell in with some breeds and Indians hunting buffalo near the site of the present city of Saskatoon with whom he camped for the winter, near Prince Albert, and then with some Hudson's Bay men made his way to old Fort Garry. Like a good many other early adventurers, Brown was a man of good birth and family, educated at Eton, and obtained a commission in the Guards. Tiring of life in the army he came to California where he organized an exploring party of four to prospect for gold in British Columbia. Hearing from some Hudson's Bay men that twenty-five dollars a day could be made by washing gold on the sand bars of the North Saskatchewan, they decided to venture on an overland trip through Alberta with the object of reaching Edmonton. Accordingly, about the end of April they pushed through from the Kootenay country, by way of Fort Steele and the Crow's Nest, coming out on the plains near Pincher Creek. Having no

compass and not even any map or outline of the country they were travelling over, they were completely at sea and, as events afterwards proved, with the object of avoiding the Blackfeet they came too far east. Immense herds of buffalo and antelope were seen on all sides and between what is now Bow Island and Medicine Hat they had to camp several days as herds were passing north on their annual migration. About the third week in May they drew near to Medicine Hat, pitching their tent on Seven Persons creek near the old Houghton place. Having cooked a rasher of bacon and some fresh duck eggs, they got up near Cully's lake, and they were busy enjoying the good things provided, when, without the slightest warning, about a dozen Indians who had crawled down the creek amongst the brush and timber, opened fire. "Kootenay Brown" got an arrow in the small of the back but the others all escaped without even a scratch. Taking cover behind the bank of the creek, the little party returned the fire of the Indians and, after a sharp engagement during which they killed two redskins, the war party drew off taking dead and wounded with them, crossing the Saskatchewan near the present Power House, swimming their ponies and hanging on to the tails. After the skirmish was over they pulled the arrow out of "Kootenay's" back. It had gone in about two and a half inches. In extracting it, the barbs made a rather ugly wound; however, they introduced the neck of a bottle into the wound and drenched it thoroughly with about a cupful of raw turpentine. It is consoling to know that, though the surgery was rough, it nevertheless proved very effective and the patient was all right in a week or ten days. A council of war was held and, as two of the little party crossed the river heading for Edmonton, Brown determined with his companion to go down the Saskatchewan, believing he could make Fort Garry by that route. As his remaining companion had lost his saddle pony and pack horse in the fight with the Blackfeet, "Kootenay" shot a buffalo on the flat where Medicine Hat now stands and, after making some pemmican, constructed a "skin boat" in which his companion launched himself on the bosom of the Saskatchewan, preferring this method of locomotion to Shank's mare, and ultimately reached Prince Albert with nothing more to aid him than a rifle and the pemmican he shipped at Medicine Hat flats. Meantime, "Kootenay Brown" went up what is now known as Porter's Hill and, keeping the Saskatchewan river in sight all the time, continued his journey, occasionally making detours to avoid rough land and coulees, reaching the mouth of the Red Deer about the tenth of June. He refers to the country between the Hat and Red Deer as a "short grass country," though as good as hay and the best oats for a saddle pony to make a journey on." Apparently he encountered a good many rattlesnakes on his journey and near the Red Deer there were a number of buffalo mired along the river or caught in quicksand and a number of grizzlies were observed by him

feasting on these unfortunate animals. The country was apparently clear of Indians. Early in July he ran into some half-breeds and Indians who were hunting in the country between Saskatoon and Rosthern, who received him kindly and with whom, as already narrated, he went into camp for the winter. Afterwards "Kootenay Brown" ran a store for several years in Manitoba and going across the line, was employed as a scout by the American army; but after the Custer massacre he went buffalo hunting for "hides," making his hunting ground between the Milk River and Red Deer. When the continuous slaughter of buffalo, for their hides alone, brought about the extinction of the mighty herds, "Kootenay" opened a trading post at Waterton Lakes. On the outbreak of the Riel Rebellion he joined the "Rocky Mountain Rangers" and was stationed with some members of that famous company in Medicine Hat in 1885, when he took occasion, with some old timers, to go out and visit the place on Seven Persons Creek where twenty years before he nearly lost his life in a skirmish with Blackfeet.

COMING OF THE POLICE.

About ten or twelve years after the coming of explorers like Palliser and Hector to the Cypress Hills country came men on a very different errand, their chief end in life being to peddle whiskey to the Indians in exchange for buffalo hides and pelts and furs. Under the Hudson's Bay regime a beaver skin was the current coin of the realm, as it were, being the standard of value. The Hudson's Bay Company certainly took toll from the Indian tribes of the northwest, standing an old Queen Anne musket—which cost a few shillings—on its end and then piling beaver skin one above the other until they reached the muzzle when "poor lo" got the gun. However, while the Indians were pretty well skinned by the Company, there were some things at which they drew the line. In making a trade they generally gave the Indian the very best brand of goods money could buy in Great Britain, whether tea, tobacco or Hudson's Bay blankets. Moreover, a law as strict as that of the Medes and Persians forbade the use of liquor or fire-water as a means of getting trade. However, when the whiskey peddlers came across the line they were not bothered with any scruples of conscience about how they treated the Indian, as long as they could steal all he possessed in ponies and furs for a bottle or two of the worst kind of "rot-gut." These men were pioneers in the bootlegging business for both Alberta and Saskatchewan. Indeed one of the chief reasons for the coming of the Mounted Police and their organization in 1873 was the condition of affairs in the Cypress Hills and in the country between that and the international boundary, whence came most of the liquor sold to the Indians. As might be expected, a good many Indians were shot down in drunken carousals and also in quarrels with whiskey traders. On one occasion, in 1873, some of these whiskey traders,

while under the influence of liquor, attacked some forty lodges of Assiniboines near the head waters of Battle Creek—straight south of Walsh in the Cypress Hills—wiping out the whole tribe. Not content with taking shelter along the banks of the creek and shooting down the braves while they were too drunk to resist, also the squaws and papooses, they after this wholesale butchery mutilated the bodies of the slain in a most horrible fashion. In consequence of this massacre Governor Morris appealed to the Minister of the Interior and, on May 2nd, 1873, the bill establishing the N. W. M. P. force was concurred in and plans for the completion of the organization were at once set in motion. Anyone wishing to be informed more fully about the coming of the Mounted Police to the West should read Col. Steele's book, "Forty Years in Canada," or MacBeth's history of Western Canada. Suffice it to say, a detachment left Winnipeg on June 7th, 1874, came west by Wood Mountain and the Cypress Hills, arriving at the site of Macleod where a fort was built late in the fall. Sergeant Major Bray, who was one of the first to enlist in Toronto, is still living in Medicine Hat after almost fifty years in the West. Macleod was headquarters in Southern Alberta for the police during the first year and received its name in honor of Col. Macleod, who acted as commanding officer and stipendiary magistrate. However, after spending the best years of his life in the service of the Dominion, this was about the only honor he received from the Government, which has a very niggardly way of treating men belonging to the Mounted Police. It is greatly to be regretted that the services of Col. Macleod were not adequately appreciated by the Canadian Government; and his widow and children who had faithfully shared in all the hardships of his pioneer life, were never provided for. Governments are proverbially ungrateful, though they generally throw choice cuts and sirloin steaks to heelers, and those who do their dirty work. Verily they have their reward. In the following year, 1875, a strong post was established at Fort Walsh in the Cypress Hills. This particular post was named in honor of Major Walsh, who was noted as a man of outstanding courage and wisdom and who stood head and shoulders above all others in dealing with either white men or Indians. It is greatly to the credit of the Mounted Police that they handled the Indian problem not only with firmness but also with justice. In dealing with the history of the Custer massacre, Captain King, an officer of the United States army, does not hesitate to say that the hostile Indians were made so by the grossest kind of injustice on the part of men who never kept a promise, who stole from the Indians on every possible occasion and whose motto was "the only good Indian is a dead one." While Major Walsh's word was law, he never went back on a promise made to any Indian.

When, after the Custer massacre, Sitting Bull fled northward and claimed sanctuary under the British flag, it was at this

critical juncture that Major Walsh's courage, sagacity and sound judgment prevented what might readily have developed into a very awkward and dangerous international situation, as United States troops, incensed by the disaster on the Big Horn, were disposed to follow the Sioux into British territory. Major Walsh, under the instructions of Col. Macleod and Col. Irvine, was promptly on hand when the Sioux chief and his band of warriors crossed the boundary line and he warned the pursuing force not to invade Canadian territory or the N. W. M. P. would be compelled to deal vigorously with the situation. The United States troops halted at the border. Major Walsh accompanied only by a sergeant, rode into the camp of Sitting Bull to ascertain his intentions and incidentally to discuss the situation. The Sioux did not know whether Major Walsh came as a friend or foe and he certainly took his life in his hand when he ventured among Sitting Bull's braves. But the Major told the Sioux chief that he and his people might remain in Canada as long as they obeyed the laws and created no disturbance, as indeed, they did remain, more or less happily, for the rest of their days. The outcome of it all was that Sitting Bull became not only a firm friend but an ardent admirer of Major Walsh and in subsequent years it was Major Walsh presided over interviews between the great Sioux-chief and certain American journalists and politicians before his return to the United States. Sitting Bull always referred to Walsh as the-man-whose-tongue-was-straight. Major Walsh held various titles among the Indian tribes of the last West. By some he was known as 'Wahonkeza,' otherwise "Long Lance," while the Piegan called him "The White Chief." The Assiniboines called him "The-one-that-ties-in-a-moment," because on his first official visit he shackled four or five wrong-doers on the reserve near Macleod in less than five minutes.

TRAGIC FATE OF CONSTABLE MAHONEY

Two tragedies in the force must now be told. Victor Hugo has given us a picture of Jean Valjean battling for his life against hundreds of rats in the sewers of Paris, Dumas has one of his characters sewn up in a sack and hurled over the cliff into the ocean and Mayne Reid has painted with masterful strokes a hunter buried up to the neck on the Texan Plains with the vultures circling ever closer and closer to the doomed man. But no picture of the most imaginative novelist can exceed in horror the tragic fate that befell Const. Mahoney, caught in quicksand at the forks of the Red Deer in the fall of 1876. Two companies of police having started from Battleford for Fort Walsh by the Red Deer, a French half-breed freighter and Const. Mahoney, who had been farming in Manitoba and had joined the force in 1874, were following in charge of several strong teams with freight. In crossing the Saskatchewan the boat capsized about forty feet from shore. The moment they touched bottom the half-breed instinctively knew he

was in quicksand and, as the water was only a little over two feet deep, instead of wading ashore he threw himself flat on it and struck out for land. This undoubtedly saved him. However, Mahoney, who was 6 feet, 2 inches in height and weighed over 200 pounds, started to wade out of the river. The bottom of the river was no longer sand; it was like muddy glue. Suddenly he sinks in. His feet have disappeared! He pulls his foot out and throws himself to the left. The sand comes up over his ankles! He pulls himself out and plunges to the right. Worse! The sand is up to the calf of the Mounted Police boot. Then Mahoney recognizes, with unspeakable terror, that he is caught in quick-sands and that he has beneath him the fearful medium in which a man can no more walk than a fish can swim. Quicksand to right and left. Quicksand all round him. He throws off his load, belt and revolver, and like a ship in distress tries to lighten himself. It is already too late. The sand has climbed above his knees. Meantime the breed, like a crazy thing, is running around hunting for a lariat or rope. No use; they are on the other side. Poor Mahoney is condemned to that appalling burial, long, infallible, implacable, impossible to avoid or hasten, which endures for an hour or two, which seizes a man erect, free, in full health and strength, by the feet and, at every attempt he makes, at every shout he utters, drags him a little deeper, sinking slowly but surely in the bottom of the river bed, while he looks up on the blue sky above, the willows on the bank, the meadow lark singing on the knoll and an antelope gazing down spell-bound from a cut-bank on the left. Twenty minutes pass by; he is now up to the middle in water. Half an hour later he is only a bust floating—no, anchored—in the Saskatchewan. Realizing the end is near, he utters a prayer; calls the breed; makes a verbal will leaving the farm in Manitoba to his wife and children. He raises his hands and clutches at his hair! The water is now level with his shoulders! He says good-bye to the breed! Then he throws his head back like a man in a barber's chair. No use! The water keeps climbing. It laps around his throat. The horror-stricken face and wildly rolling eyes alone are visible. The mouth utters a hoarse cry, "O God, help me!" The water puts its smothering hand over mouth and nostrils. Head bobs from right to left! Forehead decreases! Now, look! A little tuft of hair flutters! A hand comes up to the surface, moves, shakes, disappears, then the current of the Saskatchewan rolls on silently and relentlessly as before Mahoney went to a living death.

STORY OF GRAYBURN.

Another tragedy in connection with the Police, which happened in the region of the Cypress Hills, may now be narrated. Grayburn, about 45 miles south-east of Medicine Hat, derived its name from a tragedy which was enacted in the vicinity now known as Grayburn Coulee. About the end of November, 1879, Constable Grayburn went out to get a picket rope and an axe

which had been left at the horse camp about three miles from Fort Walsh. As he did not return that night, a scouting party, led by the famous police guide Jerry Potts, went out the next morning and found the body of the murdered man in a deep ravine. It was quite evident that he had been shot from behind while going down the side of the coulee. The police tried to track the murderer on the open prairie but a strong chinook had come out of the West which speedily licked up the snow, making it quite impossible to follow a pony's tracks on the bare ground. Towards spring two Blood Indians, arrested for horse-stealing and confined in Fort Walsh, made a full confession, giving all particulars of the Indian who murdered Grayburn. Meantime the murderer had fled across the line and was in security in the Bear Paw mountains. As there was no extradition treaty in force effecting Montana, the Police were obliged to wait until the murderer returned to the Blood Reserve, where he was arrested, in 1881, and tried at Macleod. Starchild confessed to the murder and there was corroborative evidence according to some, but the jury, mostly stockmen, voted for an acquittal. A gentleman from Macleod, Mr. Maunsel, has stated in a letter to the writer that he considers the verdict of acquittal was, under the circumstances, perfectly justifiable. On the other hand, Sergeant Major Bray, who acted as Sheriff on the occasion and summoned the jury, has no doubt whatever as to the guilt of Starchild, and, he stated, when questioned on the matter that the majority of the jury were satisfied that Starchild was really the murderer of Constable Grayburn. However, though justice from the standpoint of some was balked in this trial, nature made amends by taking the matter into her own hands as Starchild died of consumption a few months later. The scene of this tragedy has since been known as Grayburn.

FIRST WHITE WOMEN.

It is interesting to learn who the first white women were who played the role of pioneers in the Cypress Hills. They were the mother and sisters of Const. Graham and they made a long journey for those days to reach their destination, coming from Simcoe, Ontario, and making their way overland. As the young ladies were the only members of the fair sex anywhere nearer than Fort Garry, members of the Police Force were frequent callers and began to display a wonderful appetite for Graham bread.

The first service conducted by the minister of any denomination was held at Fort Walsh by Rev. Jas. Patterson, a world-wide traveller and author. In 1879 he came to Winnipeg, travelled by buckboard to Battleford and south to Fort Walsh, where he held services, baptizing two children belonging to Capt. Johnson and R. McCutcheon, after which he continued his journey to Fort Benton, Montana. The first official visit of any Governor-General to the Northwest was made by the Marquis of Lorne in 1880.

Supt. Wm. Herchmer was the Mounted Police officer in charge, and from Battleford to the Blackfoot Crossing the party had John Longmore for guide, also Poundmaker, the Cree chief who later made trouble in the rebellion of 1885. On the trip, when a half-breed guide lost his bearings, Poundmaker took the lead on a roan cayuse, bringing the vice-regal party each night to wood and water.

DISAPPEARANCE OF THE BUFFALO.

In 1878 large herds of Buffalo, being hunted by Sioux, Assiniboines, Crees and Blackfeet, did not get as far north as the Cypress Hills on their usual spring pilgrimage towards the Red Deer. Gangs of hunters coming across the line whose sole object was to shoot them down for the sake of their hides, which were worth two and three dollars, caused the remaining herds to disappear like snow-wreaths before the sun. Anyone who tells you he has seen large herds of buffalo about the time of the coming of the Canadian Pacific Railway is stretching the truth. Dr. Hornaday, who is the very best authority, says that by 1879 there were only a few herds of buffalo left in Canada and they were ranging along the head waters of Battle River, between Buffalo and Sounding Lake. The last of the mighty herds in the Medicine Hat district were killed on the flat now known as Irvine by Mr. Robert McCutcheon in the fall of 1882. The same year in the fall a surveying party on the Red Deer, near Empress, came across a small bunch of nine head and shot two. Also, at Gleichen in 1882 a survey party saw a band of about a dozen 15 miles north, towards the Rosebud, and these were shortly killed by Indians. Later, in 1887, some freighters teaming from Swift Current to Edmonton reported a band of eleven about 100 miles north of the Red Deer. That year, about the 24th of May, two local breeds, McKay and Gardropy, started with a wagon, grub for a month and their best saddle ponies, with the idea of locating this small herd. They also took a cow along hoping, if there were any calves, to bring them back to the Hat. After crossing the Red Deer they located the bunch and, after making a run, killed three just four miles south of Cereal. Strange to say, there were no calves. The last of this herd was killed by Indians near Elbow, Saskatchewan.

TRANSITION PERIOD.

The transition period between the disappearance of the Buffalo and the coming of the Canadian Pacific Railway and settlers was a very hard time for the Indians. At one time the Mounted Police at Fort Walsh were supplying rations from time to time to 5,000 Indians. However, starvation, and that alone, induced Sitting Bull to go back to the States. In the same way the Sarcees and other tribes were compelled to go on the reserves allotted by the government. Previous to contact with white men, the Indians were strictly honest, outside of running off a bunch

of ponies, which, however, was looked upon as an honorable episode in the career of a young buck. After the disappearance of the buffalo the natives were often very hungry and might have been excused for stealing to satisfy the cravings of an empty stomach. Yet in this connection an incident is related by Col. Steele which illustrates this trait of Indian character. In 1879 one of the McKays, after whom the creek at Walsh is called, reported at Fort Walsh that a band of Cree Indians under Chief Beardy—afterwards notorious in the rebellion of 1885—had enforced the law of the plains on some half breeds at the junction of the Red Deer and Saskatchewan, confiscating their ponies and destroying their harness. A strong detachment of police went north from Fort Walsh, and when north of Many Island Lake they stored some provisions for the return trip. After arresting the Crees who caused the trouble, the police on their return journey found that the cashe had been opened and about three pounds of biscuits taken, the only sign of prowlers being the foot-print of a moccasin. On the return of the police to the fort the incident was forgotten. However, the next spring an Indian came to Fort Walsh and wanted to pay for the crackers he had taken. Few white men would have been so conscientious.

BRUSH WITH INDIANS.

What may be termed the last fight in Southern Alberta with Indians took place quite close to Medicine Hat, and this is the way it came about: During the winter of 1880-81, as the buffalo grew scarce, the Indians commenced eating horses and ponies that were dying from mange, caught by using buffalo robes instead of saddle pads. By and by, when the ponies picked up on green grass, the Indians, finding no dead ones, commenced stealing ponies, the Sarcees being sinners above all others in this respect. Major Crozier having persuaded them to leave for the reserve allotted them south of Calgary, provisions for the journey were served out to them before they left for the ford on the Saskatchewan just west of Medicine Hat. After they departed the Assiniboines reported they had lost about twenty of their best ponies. Sergeant Fraser and a party of six constables were hastily despatched in pursuit. By hard riding they overtook the Sarcees at the coulee running into Seven Persons Creek, near the Exhibition Grounds. Galloping to the front, where the stolen horses were being driven ahead, Sergeant Fraser cut out the twenty ponies with the constables behind him covering the operation. As they started away—with the horses they were pursued by the majority of Sarcees who fired several volleys after them, fortunately, without effect except wounding one or two of the ponies. Riding hard, the Mounties were back at Fort Walsh next morning, having covered about 85 miles in less than twenty hours.

TRIBUTE TO POLICE.

In reading the honorable record of service given by the Mounted Police throughout the West, for many years during its

formative period one very rarely comes across a case where bribery or graft is proven against either a constable or officer. The stamp of a man who enlisted, coming from a good social strata in Great Britain, looked upon the acceptance of a bribe as a stain upon a man's honor and therefore worse than a wound in his heart. In a word they could not be bought, consequently few charges were ever laid. On one occasion when police estimates were under consideration, Sir Richard Cartwright thought he smelt a rat. Accordingly rising in his most pompous manner to badger Sir John MacDonald he said, "I notice an extraordinary statement regarding the disappearance of Mounted Police stores at Macleod. Will the right honorable gentleman condescend to inform this House how he accounts for this most extraordinary paragraph: "200 bushels of oats and one keg of nails destroyed by rats." Sir John answered with a smile: "The explanation which I have to offer my honorable friend, for what he considers an extraordinary occurrence, is a very simple, and at the same time a most reasonable one. The rats having stowed away two hundred bushels of oats in their hold, would no doubt be suffering from a most acute attack of indigestion and evidently felt they needed an iron tonic right away so they ate the whole keg of nails." A roar of laughter greeted this sally in which Sir Richard himself most heartily joined. It transpired afterwards that the oats had been spoiled by an overflow of water from melting snow in the spring.

COMING OF THE RAILWAY.

As the birth of the town and settlement of the adjacent country by ranchers and those who in early days ventured to do a little farming depended on the railway, perhaps it would be appropriate at this particular stage in the history of Medicine Hat to deal with the advent of the Canadian Pacific Railroad and the changes which speedily came about. The line having reached Maple Creek the fall before, early in 1883 a number of men were sent to Medicine Hat to plan and lay out a construction camp, and in the spring of that year the railway construction camp started work out of Medicine Hat, the survey of the line having been completed the previous year. As Porter's Hill is between 200 and 300 feet above the river, the great problem before the engineers was to find the easiest way of access to the flats, which in buffalo hunting days belonged to the Crees, and on which a portion of the town is built at the present time. The engineers solved the problem by avoiding the hills south of Forres, now called Hatton, and following the natural flats, at Cummings, and between Walsh and Irvine, which would give them two entrances to Medicine Hat flats, either by coming down Ross Creek from Irvine or following up Pashley flat to Coleridge and coming down where Bullhead creek joins Ross creek. The latter route was chosen as being most feasible and most easily constructed. In the original survey it was the intention of the officials of the Canadian Pacific

Railway to cross the Saskatchewan at the lower end of the town near the island, and lay out the site of Medicine Hat on what is now the City Golf Course at Police Point. But as has been already narrated the flats were originally the camping ground of whole bands of Crees, and there was some difficulty about the question of a title; and it transpired that after the land was surveyed, that nearest to the island was homestead land, afterwards settled on by Ben Butler, Rory Macleod, Bob Watson and J. Esmond, while the rest of the land on which the main part of the city now stands was C.P.R. land; the company, looking for acreage to subdivide and lay out in city lots, naturally re-considered their decision and decided to cross the river further west and climb up along the side of the hill on which Crescent Heights now stands. In order to continue building the line on the north side of the river a temporary means of crossing the Saskatchewan was necessary. So the engineers got busy with a pile driver and the first bridge on which trains crossed the South Saskatchewan at Medicine Hat was rapidly constructed in the early part of 1883. This was used by the railway until the completion of the present substantial steel bridge, which, however, as originally constructed was somewhat different from the present structure.

On the temporary bridge were taken over rails, ties, steam shovels, ploughs, wagons, scrapers and food for a whole army of workers, employed by the contractors, and engaged in the business of building the road westward towards Calgary. Some splendid records were achieved by Mr. Donald Grant, "the man from Glengarry," who was in charge of the track laying outfit, and drove his men at top speed, always running on "high." One day from sunrise to sunset, up near what is now Alderson, he, on level land, laid eight miles of track, which holds the record for railway construction over the whole line.

The large steel bridge we now have over the river was started in 1883, and was completed in about one year. As it was considered probable that some day the Saskatchewan might become a channel of communication between the sister provinces of Alberta, and what was then Assiniboia, by means of vessels of somewhat shallow draught, one span of this bridge was made to swing in order to allow steamers to either go up or down the river. Indeed for some time the Galt Coal Company shipped coal from Lethbridge to Medicine Hat by steamers, but, unfortunately, it was not found to be profitable, as the result of a summer's work conclusively demonstrated that it just took about as much coal to take the steamer up the river to Lethbridge as she could bring down at one trip. By the way, the office of the Galt Company in Medicine Hat—a large seven roomed house—was purchased by St. Johns Presbyterian church for a manse, and remained on the river bank near the present C.P.R. bridge until 1899, when it was moved up beside the church. The remains of the old steamer

Baroness, in which the Galt Company brought down coal, remained on the river bank below the bridge until the great flood of 1902. The old manse was sold in 1916, and reconstructed somewhat, is now doing duty out on Third Street. The difficulty of finding an outlet for the excellent coal mined at Lethbridge led to an agitation by the Galt Company and citizens of Lethbridge for the linking up of their town with Dunmore on the main line. After a very persistent effort on the part of the people of Lethbridge, a narrow gauge railroad was constructed between that city and what is now known as Coleridge. A good business quickly sprung up. Indeed for some time as many as 250 tons of coal a day passed to the east over this tiny one-horse road. By way of a joke it was called "the turkey track." Before the narrow gauge was changed in the year 1884 there were no snow fences and on the hill at Winnifred and many other places trains very easily got snowed under, and it took several days to dig them out. Indeed, in the extremely severe winter of 1886-7, when the snow was about three feet on the level it took several trains a whole week to make the journey from Medicine Hat to Lethbridge. In connection with the Galt Coal Company an amusing story is often told by old timers concerning the visit of Sir Alexander Galt who came to Medicine Hat in 1883. As a large shareholder in the company he naturally desired to visit Lethbridge and there being no "turkey track" in existence at that time he prevailed on a well known old timer of the Gas City, Jas. Norquay (father of the Norquay boys of Gros Ventre) to drive him across country in a buckboard with a couple of ponies. They camped at Seven Persons for dinner on the creek and soon Norquay busied himself getting the meal ready and after putting the steak on the plate and the tea in the cups, invited Sir A. Galt to sit down. Unfortunately, being used to things as they were done in Montreal, he turned to Norquay and said, "I never eat with my servants." Then said Norquay, "Please yourself; you can eat alone," and he proceeded to polish off both meals, leaving Sir Alex. without anything until they reached Lethbridge.

As a result of the building of the narrow gauge railway, Dunmore, now known as Coleridge, became a busy centre, as about 300 tons of coal daily was trans-shipped and sent east on the Canadian Pacific Railway. A good number of men were employed in this work and at this time a store was operated by Tweed and Ewart and a hotel by R. C. Porter, also later a store by Blackburn and Dixon, in more recent times at Wetaskiwin. At this time there was considerable rivalry between Dunmore and Medicine Hat which resulted in much jealousy being manifested at times, as Dunmore seemed to be growing as quickly as Medicine Hat.

BIRTH OF MEDICINE HAT.

Kidd, in his well known work on "Social Evolution," points out that most countries go through a certain stage in the process

of development, namely, nomads wandering from place to place, then men engaged in hunting and trapping, then men looking after flocks of sheep and herds of cattle, then settlement of land, followed by the growth of cities. Well, that briefly epitomizes the growth and development that has taken place in what Butler described as "The Great Lone Land." In 1883 Medicine Hat was born. Being a promising child it was laid down by its godfathers, Strathcona and Lord Mount Stephen, on the banks of the winding Saskatchewan. Its infancy was as feeble as that of Moses, sleeping in the ark of bulrushes by the Nile, and like Miriam, the city fathers watched it. By and by the royal spirit of Canadian commerce came down to the waters to bathe and there she found it. She took it in her arms and the child grew, and waxed strong; and after coming of age about 1904 it began stretching itself out into the proportions of a Western metropolis, looking towards the Cypress Hills on the south and the Rocky Mountains on the northwest. While there has been a lull in the rate of growth, occasioned by the war, no citizen has any doubt but that Medicine Hat, endowed with wonderful resources by nature, will continue to grow and even surpass the record years of 1904-14, which are regarded by some as the palmy days of the city. However, 1883 was the day of small things. The townsite was not surveyed in the early part of the year, consequently those who came first were obliged to pitch their tents where they could be very easily moved as soon as the survey was completed. All business in these days was done in tents, Tweed and Ewart having the first store; followed shortly by W. Cousins, Jas. Hargrave, C. McCuaig and Henry Stewart. Mr. Ewart and Mr. Cousins drove in from the end of the line at Maple Creek, bringing their goods by freight down Porter's Hill so as to be ready for opening the store when the railroad reached Medicine Hat. As soon as the surveyors had completed their survey of the townsite, tents were folded and the early citizens proceeded to erect stores and afterwards houses and other buildings.

SCHOOLS AND CHURCHES.

Shortly after steps were taken to organize churches and schools. In July, 1883, Mr. Bridgeman arrived and a church opened that fall. Rev. Mr. Anderson and Rev. Mr. Davidson were the first Presbyterian ministers. In 1884 a meeting of the congregation was held, plans for building a church considered, the building being opened in July of that year. In 1885 Rev. Jas. Herald, M.A., entered upon the duties of ordained minister, continuing until 1890. Rev. Mr. Herald was a scholarly man, being an honour graduate in classics of Aberdeen, and had been minister at Port Arthur from 1880 to 1885. Rev. Mr. Tudor was the first Anglican minister, succeeded by Rev. Mr. Lyon, a graduate of Oxford, and a good type of "sporting parson." The first successor to Zenas, the lawyer, was Sir Jas. Lougheed, now a member of the Senate,

who batched in a tent on the river bank near the site of the present traffic bridge. A subscription of \$2.00 per month from every family was taken and M. Grimmett taught the first school with twenty pupils, and then Miss Schaffer as teacher. Shortly afterwards J. K. Drinnan, who had been up the Nile with the Canadian Voyageurs, came to Medicine Hat and, being engaged as teacher, took charge of the Public School which was conducted in St. Johns Church until about 1888 when the old brick school on Toronto Street was erected. How things have grown since then may be judged by stating that there are now 70 teachers and 2,600 pupils. Mrs. Williamson taught 103 pupils in her room in 1899 and passed them all, a record unsurpassed by any public school teacher west of the Great Lakes.

The foundation of St. Patrick's Parish was laid by a self-sacrificing missionary of the church, Rev. Father Terry, who came to Medicine Hat in 1884 and built with his own hands the little church on Toronto Street. Among the charter members are J. G. Millar, J. McDonald and the late Michael Leonard. The Baptist church was organized in 1893 by Rev. Thos. Mulligan as ordained minister, the Leans, Waldocks and Esplins being prominent.

W. T. Finlay established the first lumber yard in 1884, coming from Regina. Mr. M. Leonard ran the first public bakery, pitching his tent on the middle of the street opposite the Glasgow House, but moving after the survey to Railway Street. Fred Pope ran the first water cart, afterwards succeeded by Jack Clark, R. Watson and Jas. Porter, delivering water to early residents at 25 cents per barrel. Jack Clark ran the first mail between Medicine Hat and Dunmore from the first post office in Tweed and Ewart's store. The earliest weather bureau was kept by John Ewart and afterwards by W. Crosskill and J. K. Drinnan. The first hotel was run by Casey Bros. on the river bank near the site of the present grand stand in the park. In 1883 the American was erected, also the Lansdown, where the Cosmopolitan now stands, and the Brunswick, built by Geo. Cully for Mr. Burrows, on the site of the present Maple Leaf Milling Co.'s office, corner of Railway and Third Streets. The first brewery was operated by Butler and Flynn and afterwards by Tom Ireland. The earliest brick plant was started by Ben. McCord and Alexander, near the Purmal brickyard. The earliest physicians were Dr. Butcher, Dr. Cameron and Dr. Shea, followed later by Dr. Ballantine and Dr. Oliver. The first drug store was owned by Butcher and Haig, followed shortly by Mr. Walton, and in 1889 Mr. Albert Hughes came down from Banff and started another drug store, continuing until 1901. Among the very earliest storekeepers were Archibald and Kavanaugh. The Mounted Police had a blacksmith shop down at the barracks on Police Point, while to John Hay belongs the honour of establishing the first smithy, succeeded by T. Fleager. Wm. Tom, coming to the Hat in 1883 was one of the

first contractors and helped in the erection of most of the earliest buildings. The Porter boys, "Jim" and "Bob," worked on the steel bridge early in 1883, carrying nuts, bolts and hot rivets while their father, Sam Porter, hauled most of the gravel and sand for the piers. Mr. R. C. Porter also deserves honourable mention as one of the very earliest pioneers. In 1883 the first couple were married in Medicine Hat by Rev. Bridgeman. To Baby Burrows, Baby McCutcheon and Baby W. Hawke go the honour of being the first white children born here. The first burial ground was down on the flat by the Ogilvie Mills, then heavily timbered like Police Point. Here in the trees and also on the hillside down by the brick plant the Indians had their burial ground. The cemetery for Medicine Hat, however, was at first located near the English church and about 1886 moved up higher on the brow of the hill, where a number of bodies were interred. In 1889 the Rev. Jas. Herald and Board of St. Johns church secured a grant of forty acres which was surveyed by Mr. C. E. Magrath of Lethbridge, in 1893, and all the bodies were moved from the burial ground on Sixth Avenue out to Hillside Cemetery. The Anglicans and Catholics secured burying grounds down on Seven Persons creek about that year. The first body to be buried was that of a surveyor who died of fever early in 1883. Mr. H. Stewart and W. H. Bridgeman helped the first surveyors in the Cypress Hills, laying out the lines around Elkwater Lake.

Ezra Pearson drove the first string team of twelve horses with freight, blazing the trail for freighters from Medicine Hat to Lethbridge and thence to Macleod. Losing his horses one night while camped near Whitla, he followed them south and discovered one of the best hay meadows in Southern Alberta, where the M. H. R. afterwards located their ranch.

The first baseball grounds and race track lay just opposite the present Canadian Pacific Railway station, including the ground between the Baptist Church and the Corona Hotel. The Agricultural Society was organized in 1886, holding annual show and race meets. Along about 1898 land at fifty dollars an acre was secured from the Canadian Pacific Railway down opposite the Hospital where another race track was constructed, but was only a quarter-mile track. Most races of any importance, however, were pulled off up at the Exhibition Grounds.

In 1889 the Medicine Hat General Hospital was erected, due largely to the energy of J. N. Niblock, one of the early superintendents on the Canadian Pacific Railway, and in August of the same year was opened by Rev. Jas. Herald. Miss Reynolds, now Mrs. Dr. Calder, was the first matron, and Dr. Oliver the first medical superintendent. This hospital has proved a great blessing and comfort, not only to Medicine Hat, but to the whole surrounding district. Dr. Calder succeeded Dr. Oliver, following in turn by Dr. Peters and Dr. Smith, in 1895, and Dr. Smythe in 1896. Here

would be a fitting place to pay a tribute to the late Mrs. Bassett and husband who ran the Cosmopolitan most efficiently for so many years. Many a railroad man falling sick in her hotel has been kindly watched and nursed, and by the memory of her own sufferings and losses the good lady at the head of the "Cos" did all that a mother could do for a sick child, and the slumberless eye of God has seen and appreciated her sacrifices in behalf of the stranger. Mr. and Mrs. Finnigan also deserve a special tribute, both being amongst the pioneers of Gleichen and well known to all railroad men in early days. Mrs. Finnigan was a woman of considerable character and ability. She had the honour of being the first school trustee elected in the Province of Alberta when female representatives were not in such favour as now. Being a most hospitable woman she entertained ministers, students and railroad men right royally. Just as a blessing came to the Shunammite because she entertained Elisha, and to the widow of Zarepath in the perpetual oil well, of the miraculous Cruse because she fed a hungry prophet, and to Laban in the formation of an interesting family relationship because of his entertainment of Jacob, and to Publius in the Island of Melita in the healing of his father because of his entertainment of Paul, drenched from shipwreck; so Mr. and Mrs. Finnigan were always entitled to blessings innumerable because the door of their home always swung easily open in the enlarging, ennobling, irradiating and divine grace of hospitality.

Thos. Hutchinson ran the first saddle and harness store. The first butcher store in Medicine Hat was opened by H. Finn, who afterwards gave his name to Finn's Lake, having taken a homestead adjacent to the lake. He was succeeded in business by Hogmain, who had a large bunch of cattle in the south country. The first livery stable was owned by Row & Haxton, who sold out to R. McCutcheon. On the arrival of J. Norquay, early in 1883, he opened a boot repairing place, being succeeded shortly afterwards by Mr. Wellband, father of Mrs. F. Collins and Mrs. Rankin. The first flat below Police Point is called after him as he took up a homestead on what is now owned by McLellan and Heald. On the advent of the railway, a concession for a ferry was secured by a couple of officials in the Mounted Police at Macleod, and they employed a party by the name of Long Day to run a toll gate at the crossing on Fourth Avenue and First Street, but after the cable was brought up from Maple Creek by Bob McCutcheon, who received \$200 for a four day's trip with himself and team, Long Day proceeded to discharge the duties of first ferry-man, and also pocket all the tolls exacted. When a sharp remonstrance was wired down from Macleod he simply snapped his fingers, advising the parties to keep quiet or he would report them at Ottawa as officials were forbidden to profit by such concessions. In the early nineties a very prominent old-time resident was suffering from a bad attack of whooping cough and when some parties

inquired why she was crossing and recrossing the river on the ferry she innocently replied that her medical adviser had suggested a "trip on the water." Accordingly, she spent the whole day going back and forth. The first restaurant was run by Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Colter, while W. Bridgeman was the first man in the milk business. Most of the building and contracting was done by H. Yuill, who came to Medicine Hat in 1885. He built "The Assiniboia" for Capt. Ross in 1898, with John Trimble as architect. It was a rush job and was completed in four months from the time of digging the cellar. The first co-operative store among railroad men was established in 1898 when the Trading Company was opened with D. L. McGibbon—now a millionaire in Montreal—as manager, who was succeeded in the management by D. Milne, now of Victoria. The first bank to open was the Merchants, with Mr. Fewings as manager. Shortly after the bank opened Bill Culley came into town with high top-boots and cowboy attire and a shot gun he wanted fixed up. Entering the bank he took the gun along, and going up to the cashier said, "I want some money." Being fresh from the East the cashier had visions of a hold-up. Meantime another clerk slipped into the manager's office and a hurry-up call was sent for the local policeman, who, with a gun in his hand, gingerly mounted the steps and peered into the bank where Bill Culley was peacefully chewing his cud of tobacco. Thus ended the first and only attempt to hold up any bank in Medicine Hat. In early days Dave Calder was right-hand man Geo. Mc-Cuaig and later chief clerk in L. B. Cochrane's store.

Sam McLellan started in the barber business in 1887. About 1889 "Jim" came up as a boy of fourteen from Broadview where he worked on a farm, the chief diet for the three months he was there being "sow-belly and slap-jacks." Sam took him over to Mrs. Spencer's for supper that night. Mrs. Spencer, being a "down east Yankee," was an extra good cook but specially excelled in making pies. Jim broke the record for the first course, but when he tasted the first mouthful of pie he exclaimed, "Gee, that's some pie, Sam." Digging in, he stuffed himself till his hide was stretched tight as a sausage skin, but the pie was so good he didn't have to howl for pain-killer all night as is usual with most kids. During the first twenty years of its existence Medicine Hat was specially fortunate in escaping a baptism of fire, which is of customary occurrence in most growing towns. The only conflagrations of any account were the burning down of the old immigrant shed in 1897, which had been erected in 1890 on the present site of the G.W.V.A. Then, about 1900, the old Cosmopolitan was burnt down. While the furniture was being carried out a well known old-timer seized hold of a fine lamp and, rushing out on the sidewalk, pitched it into the middle of the street, exclaiming "Thank God that's safe anyway," though as a matter of fact it was shivered in a thousand pieces. The last fire of any conse-

quence was the destruction of H. Cooper's livery stables, in 1904, when over sixty head of horses were destroyed.

As H. Beecher said, a good paper is "the greatest educator of the nineteenth century." There is no force compared to it when the editor has ideas and is not afraid to advocate them. Then a good paper is a pulpit, platform, forum, school for educating the public and moulding the opinions of the nation, all combined in one. Understanding this, the citizens will be interested in who were the occupants of the editorial chair in early years. A perusal of the files of "The News" show the editors, Armour, 1886; Holt, 1887; J. K. Drinnan, 1889-92; then a well known newspaperman, Rev. Gordon, author of the well known skit on the Kaiser; followed by Fred. Forster.

EARLY RAILROAD MEN.

The directors of the Canadian Pacific Railway having decided to make Medicine Hat a divisional point on account of a good supply of water and because there was coal in the vicinity, the growth of the place was assured, and slowly but steadily it has gone ahead ever since. The first station constructed was at the foot of Toronto Street (now Third Street), and was on what is known as South Railway Street. A change took place in 1913, when the present station was erected on North Railway Street. In early days there was no C.P.R. fence and some trees were growing on what is called the south side on C.P.R. ground. The first superintendent was Mr. Shields. Under the regime of Supt. J. N. Niblock, a garden was tastefully laid out on the north side of the railroad, and a bear pen and house for animals on the same side as the old station, just opposite the Cosmopolitan Hotel. The bear pen proved quite an attraction to passengers strolling up and down the platform, until a surly old grizzly chewed up the hand and arm of an Indian boy, after which escapade "Nancy" was chloroformed. Mr. Niblock had several apple trees growing in the Canadian Pacific Railway garden and was very proud of them. Going down on one occasion to the eastern end of the division to meet Sir Wm. Van Horne, Mr. Niblock commenced boasting about his apple trees and the fruit they were carrying. To tease him, Sir Wm. played the roll of "Doubting Thomas." Mr. Niblock promised ocular demonstration as soon as they reached Medicine Hat. To clinch matters Van Horne offered to bet fifty dollars there were no apples, the stake to go to the hospital. Mr. Niblock jumped at this like a cock at a gooseberry. Before leaving Swift Current Sir Wm. sent a private message up to the despatchers to pull all the apples in the C.P.R. gardens, at the same time mentioning the joke on Mr. Niblock. When they arrived at Medicine Hat "J. N." joyfully led the way along the platform but when he reached the garden the trees were

as bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard. After enjoying the joke Sir Wm. Van Horne explained matters and gave a liberal donation to the hospital.

In early days the Division extended to Swift Current on the East and Gleichen on the West. One of the oldest men on the Canadian Pacific Railway is Mr. Jas. Fisher, who began work on a construction train for the Canadian Pacific Railway East of Maple Creek in 1882. In 1883 he took the first construction train across the first pile bridge erected by the Canadian Pacific Railway at Medicine Hat. Three years later he had the honour of pulling the first transcontinental train with engine No. 124 from Medicine Hat to Gleichen. On this same engine, No. 124, Mr. Fisher made the fastest run ever recorded on the Medicine Hat division, covering 125 miles from Gleichen to Medicine Hat in two hours and twenty-five minutes, trying to make a mail record for the Canadian Pacific Railway. From Langevin to Medicine Hat, a distance of thirty-five miles, was negotiated in thirty-one minutes, which is very fast travelling even though it is down hill in places. Mr. Fisher was engineer on the train that took Lord and Lady Aberdeen west from Medicine Hat, and, in 1920, was entrusted with the train that took the Prince of Wales from Medicine Hat to Swift Current. Daddy Lowe is another old-time engineer with a wonderful record, coming from Kirriemuir, Scotland, in the early eighties to Medicine Hat. Among the old guard may be mentioned Dick Smith, J. G. Millar, Peter Robertson, H. Cooper, J. McDonald, T. Penhale, B. Nason, Tom Blatchford, "Honest" John Barreau, the Venables boys, Fred Russell, John Cunliffe, Bob Nelson, Jas. Rutherford, Wm. Rutherford, in early days at Swift Current; George Gordon and W. Burton who rail-roaded out of Moose Jaw and also farmed on the outskirts of the same place; Dan Maclean, whose family was one of the earliest in Moose Jaw; H. Hardy, R. McLeod, Sam Hayward and John Young, in the roundhouse; Bev. White and Sandy Eddy, who ran the pump house; John Spencer, afterwards of the Drowning Ford Ranch, who came safely out of a bad wreck on the big hill, when Fireman Fiddler was killed. Time would fail to tell of Bob Rice, Geo. Noble, Geo. Bailie, W. McF. Evans, Tom White, Dick Huntley, now ranching at Seven Persons, and R. C. Becker, Jean Starke, H. Parkhill and F. Reynolds as dispatchers; A. McIlwaine and H. McWhirter, in office; J. Carty, S. Sprague, Geo. Gillis, W. Unwin, S. Wagstaff, Ed. Gerreau and A. Barclay, the Shaw and Wilson families, also the Horners and Blacks, as well as Mr. Armstrong, now of Woolchester. Then we must not forget John Flack, first station agent at Maple Creek, and Charlie Strong at Walsh, and Jack Maclean. Then in charge of the roadbed, Tom Stevenson, Forres; John Flood, the daddy of them all, at Walsh; John Pols, now ranching at Dunmore; Fowler, station agent at Medicine Hat, and last but not least, Jim Acheson and his brother Bill Acheson.

Among early railroad men must be mentioned Alex. McKay of Riverside, who came to Calgary in 1883, and after working on the road for some time homesteaded near Cochrane and is now back on the Canadian Pacific Railway; also his namesake, Thos. MacKay, for many years in charge of the telegraph line. Then there are three men among officials entitled to honourable mention, namely, J. A. Cameron, who before ill health seized him was in charge at Port Arthur. Mr. Cameron has an amusing incident to relate of the visit of the great Chinese statesman, Li Hing Chang, who was received by the Canadian Pacific Railway officials in state at Port Arthur. He was as full of curiosity about Canada as any child and kept perpetually asking questions. Hearing that northern Ontario was being settled by French from Quebec, he seemed to doubt the statement, saying there were not enough people there, but Mr. Cameron reminded him they had large families, upon which the following conversation ensued: Chang, "What do you call a large family." Cameron, "I don't know what you call a big family in China, but there is a Frenchman here with twenty-eight children." Chang, "Not with one woman." Cameron, "Certainly." Chang, "No, No; he must be a Mormon." Cameron, "No, he's no Mormon; just a section foreman." Chang, "I would like to see him very much." Accordingly, Mr. Cameron took him over to where the French Canadian was working. After the inspection Li Hing-Chang said, "He's the right sort of man for Canada, where there is plenty of land and no population, but if ten per cent. of the men in China were like him we would have what you call 'a hell of a famine.'" Then J. L. Jamieson, a well-known resident of Medicine Hat for many years, who first climbed into the saddle of a Police horse before he started climbing on the railroad. Lastly, another of the clan Cameron, now general manager at Calgary, who has done pioneer railroading through Western Canada and British Columbia, and was general superintendent at Medicine Hat for several years. During his term of office a big revival service was being held in a local church, when a well known conductor "hit the 'saw-dust trail.'" Thinking to gladden the heart of the Superintendent a prominent church man phoned him about this conductor's sudden change of heart. Superintendent Cameron showed, however, that he knows human nature, railroading and the Bible from A to Z by dryly remarking, "Glad to hear of his conversion. I am sorry it didn't happen ten years ago, the road would have been paying better dividends. Hope his conversion will be like that of Zaccheus. Make his restore four-fold." This brings to memory a good story about Jim Fisher, who, when building his house, was rallied by a well known conductor in the Hat, who said, "What do you build a lumber house for, Jim? Why don't you put up a decent brick house?" Quick as a flash, Fisher retorted, "Oh, I am on the wrong end of the train for that."

HOLD-UPS AND MURDERS

Speaking of Medicine Hat in its early days, say during 1883 and 1884, it was certainly a rather tough town, according to the testimony of pioneers and old-timers. Most of those who came in early lived in tents and there were only two small, noisy places, constructed of rough lumber, which could be dignified with the name of hotels. Yet it was a misnomer. They were really saloons and gambling houses. Six or seven gaming houses, in addition, ran practically wide open. A motley crew of thugs, gamblers and gunmen followed the line of construction. Had it not been for the Mounted Police things, bad as they were, would undoubtedly have been much worse. As it was, the police had their hands full. Men were "rolled" for their wad and sometimes hold-ups were resorted to. In 1883 Conductor Ryan, who was running a gravel train, and reputed to have plenty of ready cash, was held up in his own home after dark by two gunmen with masks, who demanded money. As they threatened to shoot, his wife, to save the situation, gave them \$1,000, whereupon they speedily decamped, getting across the line, it was supposed. However, it transpired afterwards that there was \$3,000 in hard cash in the house, so the "hold-up" might have been worse. A short time after this the police went up Seven Persons creek to arrest a "bad one" living in a log shack, near the site of the English cemetery. Fortunately they came upon the gunman out doing some chores and arrested him before he knew what had happened. Asking if he might put on his coat, which was in the shack, they accompanied him to the door. In a moment he appeared with a revolver in each hand and, "having the drop" on them, he ordered them "to get," after relieving them of their guns and ammunition. The situation being now decidedly hot for him, he mounted a horse he always kept handy, and hit south.

THE FIRST MURDER

The first murder in Medicine Hat district occurred in 1885, up at the Culley Ranch, near the site of the Exhibition Grounds. A couple of cowboys, Hales and McCaulay by name, had driven a bunch of cattle to Finns Lake for Hogmain, whose ranch was located on the forks of the Bow, disposing of them to Dempsey Brothers, who ran a meat store. After delivering the cattle they started on their return journey. Stopping at the Cully place for a meal, they fell in with R. Casey, proprietor of one of the early hotels in Medicine Hat, and who a short time before this had had a horse race with Ben. Hales. Casey, who had indulged in more liquor than was good for him, became very abusive. According to the version of the Cullys, corroborated by H. Holt, Ben Hales drew his gun and quick as lightning covered Casey, ordering him to put his hands up. Whereupon the latter said, "If you're going to shoot wait until I get outside." Accordingly, he went out of

Cully's house, but all the time covered by the gun of Hales. When outside, knowing he was up against a bad man and with no chance of escape, Casey said, "Shoot me on my horse." The other told him to climb up. Accordingly, leading his saddled horse out in front of Cully's house Casey mounted with his back to the horse's head, all the time covered by the gun of his relentless foe, who possibly thought he was going to escape on horseback. However, escape was not in Casey's mind, but in a spirit of bravado he bared his breast, and, looking the other in the eye, challenged him to do his worst and shoot! The words had scarcely died on his lips ere two spurts of flame leaped from the barrel of the six-shooter, and Casey tumbled over like a wounded jack rabbit. Turning, Hales said, "Take him inside, I don't figure to make any mistake on an occasion of this kind." When they carried him in they found he was shot above the heart. The bullets evidently cut an artery or tore through the lungs, as when they stretched him out the blood ran in a stream from his boot which was full to the top. Picking the best horse of the two—a buckskin—Hales changed saddles. Then, going into the house with a gun in each hand, he started giving an exhibition of fancy shooting, knocking the lid off the kettle and finally hitting the pivot in the centre of the clock on which the hands went round. He was certainly a wizard with a gun. This display of fire-works was probably intended to terrify the Cullys. Then ordering Geo. Cully to go in and report to the Mounted Police, but not to make any move until he was out of sight, he struck south, keeping to the high land so he would be in sight of the Cully homestead as long as possible. The Cullys hurried in after his disappearance and though the police scoured the country south of Seven Persons, he was probably close to the line by that time. When some parties twitted Geo. Cully, saying "Why didn't you do something?" he was perfectly frank on the matter. "Do something," he would reply, "if you had seen him with a gun in each hand and blood in his eye you wouldn't have done anything but look on helpless." This shooting illustrates the great difficulty of getting an authentic story from old-timers. Five say Casey was only wounded and died about a week afterwards in Medicine Hat. Others give the version as told by the Cullys. To settle the controversy we may say we had an opportunity of meeting Mr. McCauley at the home of Mr. Williamson and Mr. McCaulay corroborates the Cully version of the shooting in every incident save that of mounting the horse. Moreover, he states that Casey, who had a very vitriolic tongue, was really to blame for the shooting, while Hales, though a splendid shot, was not in any sense a "bad man." Casey died at five o'clock next morning.

REBELLION OF '85

Regarding the outbreak of the Riel rebellion and the causes which led up to it, most historians who are at all impartial are agreed that while Riel fanned up the embers of discontent, the

half breeds had not received by any means a square deal from the Government, which even refused to pay any attention to their protests. With the Indians the case was even worse and their side is given in the well known poem by Pauline Johnson, where she makes the Indian chief, arrested for cattle stealing, give his version of the coming of the white man, the slaughter of the buffalo and the stealing of the land that from time immemorial belonged to the Indian. It is a wonder, under the circumstances, that the Blackfeet and confederated tribes in Southern Alberta did not also go on the war-path. We may thank Crowfoot and other leaders who kept their heads. The rebellion made an immense amount of traffic on the Canadian Pacific Railway, so that where as in the winter of 1883-4 engineers were only making about forty dollars a month, now everything was humming and most employees on the Canadian Pacific Railway were making big money. As a rumor had reached Medicine Hat that the Blackfeet were going to make an attack on the town a meeting was called to discuss ways and means of defending the place. One plan proposed was to organize a town guard, put the women and children in the old immigrant shed, on the site of the old Court House, now occupied by the G. W. V. A., and barricade the doors. Capt. MacDonald, who was in charge of the Mounted Police barracks over on Police Point, said there was no need of this as he could easily stand off Crowfoot and his whole band. A proposal was made to swing the draw bridge on the Canadian Pacific Railway bridge at which proposal Capt. MacDonald protested very vigorously as this would cut off his line of retreat. At this point Joe Wiley, later on M.L.A. for Maple Creek, arose in indignation, and said Capt. MacDonald was a disgrace to the Queen's uniform, as one minute he was talking of wiping the earth with the whole Blackfeet nation and in the next breath he was talking about executing a movement for the rear. However, this was hardly quite fair either to MacDonald or the police, and thanks to the statesmanship of Crowfoot, there was no necessity of testing out the different theories of defending Medicine Hat.

Anxiety in Medicine Hat was ultimately relieved by the advent first of a company of Rocky Mountain Rangers, largely cowboys and ranchers, and later on, about the end of April, by a regiment from the Maritime Provinces. A line of defence was constructed up on the hill by digging rifle pits and trenches which followed pretty much the line that Cambridge street takes at the present time. These trenches and pits remained clearly visible until about 1912, when the growth of the city, climbing up the hill, obliterated every trace. The boys of the Halifax contingent were accustomed to go bathing in the river every day and, unfortunately, two of them were caught by an under current and lost their lives and were buried in the old cemetery on the hillside on

Sixth Avenue, near where Thos. Mulligan now resides. Before the smoke of the rebellion had quite cleared away, a number of men, serving in different Eastern contingents, got busy and by means of political pull secured medals and rewards for service, though in some cases the officers were not in the firing line or anywhere near the front, while the Mounted Police, who had been through the wilderness and borne the burden and heat of the day, had the greatest difficulty to even have their claims investigated, let alone recognized. Indeed, it was some years afterwards, before any medals were issued to one of the finest semi-military forces in the world—the wearers of the scarlet and gold. It's a strange old world. Some people seem to get far more than is ever justly coming to them, while others are cheated out of what they are more than entitled to.

INDIAN SIGNALS

One hundred years ago it seemed a mere figure of speech to say that the people living on the other side of the world were our neighbors. But steamers from Southampton to New York, rail tracks across all continents and cables under all oceans have brought people into close communication and turned the whole world into one vast whispering gallery. These are peculiarly inventions of the white man; yet though the Indians of the Plains knew nothing of the Morse code and had no knowledge of wireless telegraphy, they were able to communicate over great distances almost as quickly as by telegrams. The result of the first fight with the police at Duck Lake was known in Edmonton the following day, according to Frank Oliver's reminiscences. At Gleichen, according to Father Lacombe, the Blackfeet knew the result of the fight at Batoche in less than 24 hours and sent the message on to the Bloods and Peigans in a very short time. This was done by means of smoke signals from one high point to another across miles of intervening ground. The Indians had a way of sending up the smoke in rings or puffs, well knowing that such a smoke column would at once be noticed and interpreted as a smoke signal and not taken for the smoke of a camp fire. The Indian doing the signalling made rings of smoke by covering the fire with a buffalo robe for a moment and then allowing it to ascend, when he quickly covered it again. Columns of ascending smoke meant "Enemy is near!" Three smokes built close together meant "there is much danger;" two smokes meant "we are camping here."

Sometimes at night the hunter or trapper would see fiery lines shooting athwart the sky and might guess these were signals. The real old-timer would be able to interpret these, knowing they were signals from burning arrows prepared by being soaked in grease and certain grooves in the arrow filled with gunpowder and fine bark. Another system of communication by mirrors was also operated by most Indians, but in the nature of things could only be employed on bright sunshiny days. Rev. John MacDougall says

that on a hill southeast of the Red Deer the Indians used to send smoke signals to the highest point in the Hand Hills and from there further on. In this district there were several such signal stations for relaying messages. A high point east of Red Rock school, Bullhead Butte, the ridge south of Woolchester, Nancy's Butte, in Graburn and a high point out near the old Orangeville Ranch were all points from which signals were sent out in early days; also the hill at Bowell. In connection with the rebellion an amusing incident occurred one night when R. C. Porter was patrolling from the English Church to the old Macleod Trail. Hearing a suspicious noise on the hillside he called Halt, but getting no response started shoving in a cartridge in his rifle which, however, jammed, but before any shooting was necessary a milk cow came up out of a coulee. At Dunmore events did not pass off so smoothly; an impulsive Irishman, Higgins, being a guard, went into an old stable and seeing two eyes glaring at him in the dark shot with fatal effect, bagging a work horse.

SOME NOTED CHARACTERS

Medicine Hat, like most other places in early days, had some very noted characters, apart from gunmen. Two of the earliest women were—before the advent of the Chinamen—engaged in the laundry business. One of these women was a negress who came across the line from Montana and claimed to be "the first white woman," though known to every one as "Nigger Molly." The other was a white woman who answered to the nickname of "Slippery Annie." Being both engaged in the same business, there was considerable rivalry between them, which occasionally assumed alarming proportions, especially if both had been indulging in a "cocktail," an "eye-opener" or a "night-cap." Molly, not having a razor handy on one occasion, took after her rival with a butcher knife. The latter, however, seized a pail of hot water and threatened to scrape Molly's hide. Nigger Molly, judging that discretion was the better part of valour, started in a tempest and whirlwind of passion to abuse "Annie," each outburst accompanied by a regular volley of oaths. After enjoying this for some time "Slippery Annie" advised "Molly" to "go home and use the cleaver on her tongue, and after she had done this to be sure and fumigate the knife." Some years afterwards Slippery Annie managed to get engaged to a little Frenchman from Quebec. The day for the wedding having arrived, all Medicine Hat turned out to see the ceremony. Even standing room was at a premium. They wended their way to the English church, the Frenchman dressed in a frock coat, white vest and silk hat, and Annie decked out in purple and fine linen. Unfortunately, "Annie" was in that condition described by Burns as "O'er a' the ills o' life victorious," so on her arrival at church sat down at the organ. Being a fine musician, she pulled out the stops, put on the knee swell and started making the rafters resound to the tune of "Pop Goes the Weasel" and "Gin a Body

Meet a Body Comin' Through the Rye." Scandalized, the organist, F. Fatt, rushed in from the vestry and tapping her on the shoulder, commanded her to stop instantly, adding by way of reproof, "Don't you know you are in the House of God." In a rich brogue Annie replied, "Yis, it was the House of God, but yez hev made it a den of thieves." Losing all patience, Rev. Mr. Tudor told her she was too drunk to get married, so had better go home and come back some other day when they were sober. Annie continued, however, to quote scripture, saying, "Don't you believe now is the accepted time; well, if you don't, I certainly do. The trouble, yer riverence, is he won't come when he's sober." After their marriage, which took place on another occasion, they started on their honeymoon trip for Quebec by walking along the Canadian Pacific Railway and stopping at the section houses en route.

Another noted character was "Dublin Dan," who drifted into Medicine Hat from Winnipeg. During the summer of 1889, which was very dry and hot, when the grain at Stair came up about knee high and then stopped short, never to go again, Sir Lister Kaye, not knowing anything of auto-suggestion could not console the company or himself by saying "The soil is getting wetter and wetter every day, and the crop is getting better and better in every way." However, being a green Englishman, he hit on the brilliant idea of having water tanks constructed and water hauled from the Saskatchewan to help the fields of burning grain. "Dublin Dan" was engaged in this rather unprofitable task one day when Sir Lister Kaye hove in sight. The sky clouding over suddenly, it looked like a regular deluge. Sir Lister Kaye stuck his monocle in his eye, looked up at the dark clouds scudding by and, putting out his hand, said, "By jove I believe I've caught a few drops of rain." Dan turned and addressing Sir Lister Kaye said, "Get on yer horse as quick as yez can an' gallop wid them fur the whate patch."

Another noted Irishman kept a meat store. A well known old-timer—whose daily order was a half a pound—on one occasion astonished the son of Erin by asking for a pound of sirloin, whereupon the latter, with a humorous twinkle, inquired, "Are yez goin' to give a party? Or perhaps yez are goin' to entertain Lord and Lady Aberdeen when they rache the Hat."

"Four-Jack Bob" was a noted gambler of early days, who, getting into a game of "poker" with a bunch of sports up at Macleod, bet all he possessed on four jacks and lost out; hence his rather peculiar title.

In the old Cosmopolitan a very funny incident happened when a well known waitress of early days brought in a small teal and the gentleman who evidently expected a mallard, looked at the plate, then in a tone of great disgust exclaimed, "Do you call that a duck?" The one interrogated was, however, ready with an answer. "How the devil do I know? Shure it moight be a

drake." "Yer payin' twenty-five cents fer a moightly big male every day so if ye can squeeze a quack out iv it fur that amount it's a duck of ducks."

This recalls a shooting expedition in which Dick Venables and some railroad men engaged. Venables managed to bag a fine canvas back and, like most Englishmen who enjoy their game a little on the high side, he kept the bird until the flies were beginning to hum around it. Meeting the bartender, Curly Sfredwick, Venables, displaying his treasure, said, "Isn't that a fine canvas back?" Upon which Curley replied, "Judging by the sound I thought it was a humming bird."

DISCOVERY OF GAS.

Along from 1886 to 1892 there were some very dry years with very light snowfall and the Canadian Pacific Railway experienced great trouble in getting water, particularly West of Medicine Hat. In order to overcome this difficulty the Company bored for water at Langevin, but instead of water struck a splendid flow of gas at about 700 feet. As things were very quiet in the Hat in 1891-2, several citizens thought of boring for coal, thinking they might strike the seam cropping out near Redcliff. Accordingly, J. P. Mitchell and Albert Hughes went round the stores and Canadian Pacific Railway men, raising about \$400. With the aid of a diamond-drill, borrowed from the Canadian Pacific Railway, two men were put to work below the Hospital and at 600 feet struck a regular "gusher," which continued to blow-off for a year or more, when Mr. C. Colter started burning lime-stone. A short time afterwards the Canadian Pacific Railway bored for gas just at the crossing on Second Street and got a good flow, which not being cased, was used to shoot off water, interspersed with flames to a height of fifty or sixty feet. Early in 1892 a company, consisting of John Ewart, W. Cousins and others, was formed to put gas in the houses and stores, but opposition led by some developed and the project fell to the ground. Along about 1899 Chas. Colter, having patented a gas burning furnace, proceeded to put gas in his own home and houses and piped it across the street into Dr. Smythe's house and several others. The council, fearing they were going to lose a good thing, immediately got busy with an injunction against crossing streets with gas pipes. There now being a demand for gas from every householder, steps were taken to have it installed in every house. The value of gas—industrially—is shown by the fact that one mill uses gas equivalent to seventy tons of coal per day.

CAUGHT IN A BLIZZARD

One of the saddest events that ever happened in the district occurred on November 20th, 1892, when M. Cochrane, aged 15, and Harold Walton, aged 10, were caught in a sudden storm which

speedily assumed the proportions of a howling blizzard. With the idea of rounding up some stray cattle, they left the ranch about two o'clock and rode southeast, striking up along Bulls Head Creek. About four o'clock the sky grew suddenly black, a sixty-mile-an-hour gale came down out of the north, accompanied by a bitterly cold snow storm in which you could scarcely see your hand when held at arm's length before your face. Owing to its blinding fury the lads were obliged to drift before it—with one result. The bodies of the victims were found about ten miles southeast of here. The body of the youngest was found under six inches of snow but covered with the saddle and horse blankets. The body of Moran Cochrane was found about a half mile distant, face downwards, beside a hay stack with his pony quietly feeding near the body of his dead master, the picket rope being still held in a lifeless hand. The elder boy, it was supposed, had fought against a deadly stupor in himself and his companion and after wrapping the young lad in his coat and fixing the saddle and blankets to protect him, he had bravely started out in the pitiless storm to find help, but succumbed before going half a mile. It was not until 8 o'clock on Sunday evening that tidings of the finding of Mr. Cochrane's boy by Mr. Miller of the Payton Ranch; was brought in from Bulls Head. A short time afterwards, Sgt. Matheson found the body of the Walton boy, guarding the body all night and, next morning, met the large search party led by the fathers.

PROHIBITION IN EARLY DAYS

In view of the discussion now going on as to Government control of the sale of liquor, it may be news to a good many that a measure of Prohibition was given a trial in Alberta after the coming of the police, in 1874. With the advent of settlers the law was modified by the introduction of the "Permit System." According to the testimony of Col. Steele, prohibition proved an excellent thing for the purpose of preserving order in construction camps and among the Indians, but "public opinion was strongly against it, with the result that the law could not be properly enforced." The result was a farce. Liquor was not only made in stills, but was also brought in in every conceivable way the ingenuity of man could suggest. Eggshells were emptied and filled with Irish. Books, made of tin, the exact shape of a copy of the Holy Scriptures and bound in Morrocco leather, holding a quart, with a bottle-like neck and tiny screw just under the flap, were also shipped in. Every one in Alberta, as well as the Scotch, seemed to manifest a great "hunger and thirst" for these Bibles; in fact nothing less than a big family Bible would suit most. Mince meat soaked in brandy and peaches also flavoured the same way, were in every house. On one occasion the Mounted Police made a seizure of contraband goods from the East in a shipment of what were supposed to be coal oil barrels. The barrels were taken off and left

on the old station platform until the patrol wagon could be brought over from Police Point. However, some enterprising genius crawled in under the platform with an auger, boring through into the bottom of the barrel and went off with a dozen buckets of Johnnie Walker, and Johnnie was still going strong when the police arrived on the scene. A cache of forbidden fruit, according to rumor, was found underneath a church, the minister of which had been especially active as a prohibitionist, whereupon "Dublin Dan" called upon his reverence and suggested that a thanksgiving service be held, and the hymns most suited for the occasion, in his opinion, would be "There Shall Be Showers of Blessing," and for the closing hymn "I've Reached the Land of Corn and Wine, and all its Riches Freely Mine." It took the minister a little while to remember Mark Twain's advice, "N.B.—This is sarcasm." The truth of the matter is that the people not only were unfavourable to Prohibition at the time, but the magistrates and members of the Mounted Police were out of sympathy with the law they were called upon to enforce. When these conditions exist Prohibition can not be enforced.

CYPRESS HILLS COUNTRY

The Cypress Hills, the eastern end of which runs out on the bald prairie near Gull Lake, is a continuation of the high land between Manyberries and Seven Persons, though they do not begin to grow timber or assume the proportion of a mountain range until one enters the valley of Medicine Lodge. According to Butler, the original name in Cree meant "The-Thunder-Breeding-Hills." This would be considered a most appropriate name to any one who has camped in the Cypress. For thousands of years before the Hills were unveiled to human eye the elements were busy and the geysers were hewing away with their hot chisels and glaciers were pounding with their cold hammers, and hurricanes were cleaving with their lightning strokes, and hailstones giving their finishing touches, and after all these forces of nature had done their best, the curtain dropped for a time and volcanic upheavals took place behind the scene; and, lo, when the curtain was pulled aside the Cypress Hills stood forth to view. As they have a maximum elevation of 4,243 feet above sea level, they furnish the great divide for the North American continent and when the bung is pulled out of the heavens and the water comes down in a deluge, as it not unfrequently does in the Cypress, the down-pour may find its way to the Gulf of Mexico or Hudson's Bay, according to the direction the wind is blowing. Incidentally, the Cypress Hills furnish the highest point in Saskatchewan. This range of Hills is considered by Macoun, in his book on the geological formation of the West, to have been the western shore of the Great Lake Saskatchewan. As proof of this we may say we have found marine shells and petrified fish right along the very crest of the Cypress Ridge. When the rancher or farmer, by dredge or spade, brings these crustaceous

specimens to the surface he finds at his feet whole Alhambras and Coliseums, and Parthenons, and Crystal Palaces of beauty in miniature; and these bring to light only an infinitesimal part of the opulence in this great subaqueous world, though it may be three or four million years since it was an ocean bed. By the way, any one interested in making a collection will find a happy hunting ground around Petrified Coulee, in the hills south of Irvine or along Box Elder Creek. As for silver and gold the Hills have none; but there is a very fine deposit of manganese, now so valuable in the process of manufacturing steel; also the best clay for the Potteries and Clay Products come from the East End, in Shaunavon district. As the Cypress Hills is now practically a huge game preserve under the charge of game guardians and forest rangers, game of all kinds is steadily increasing, while the timber is lengthening its branches and strengthening its stakes. Let any one make a trip along the Cypress early in September, when Jack Frost has been busy painting the leaves from his palette, covered with all manner of colours, and he will see a scene of beauty he will not readily forget. We have seen the autumnal sketches of Cropsey and other wonderful painters, but here you can see a pageant of colour, done by the hand of God, sixty miles long. Let artists stand back when God stretches his canvas. Along by creeks and rivulets and up and down the sides of great hills and ravines, and by the banks of little lakes there is an indescribable mingling of gold and orange, and crimson and saffron, now sobering into drab and maroon, now flaming into solferino and scarlet. Here and there the trees look as if their tips had just burst into fire. In the morning light the forests seem as if they had been transfigured, and in the evening hour as if the sunset had burst and dropped upon the leaves. In more sequestered spots, where the frosts had been hindered in their work, we see the first kindling of the flames of colour in a lowly sprig, then they rush from branch to branch, until the glory of the Creator submerges the whole forest. If God's urn of colours were not infinite one autumn season along the Cypress would have exhausted it forever. Why should not the people of Medicine Hat and Maple Creek insist upon a Government highway along the Hills from Elkwater to Gull Lake? Sixty thousand people in Regina and Moose Jaw may go further in their autos and fare worse when searching for a good camping ground. Notwithstanding the natural beauties of the Cypress Hills, an incident which occurred there fifty-five years ago led to one of the greatest tragedies that ever happened in the West, namely, the decimation of the Indian tribes through the ravages of small-pox, 1869-1870.

A couple of American whiskey traders were camped on the north side of the Hills in the vicinity of Josephsburg, when as the result of their high handed methods of treating the Blackfeet, one of the traders, Evans by name, was shot by the Indians and their horses stolen. Instead of going out, shooting down a Blackfoot

and calling the matter square, the surviving whiskey trader, with hellish ingenuity, concocted a scheme for the extermination, not only of the whole Blackfeet tribe, but also of as many other Indians as possible. Going down to St. Louis, where a most virulent form of small-pox was raging he purchased several bales of blankets that were about to be destroyed by fire. Handling them as carefully as possible, he wrapped them up in oilcloth. Assuming the role of a fur-trader, he booked passage in a steamer up the Missouri, giving all on the boat the impression that the bales wrapped up in oilcloth were filled with goods for barter. When in the very heart of the country frequented by roving bands of Blackfeet, he dropped off with his bales of what were ostensibly "goods" for the Indians, but really contained hundreds of germs to the square foot. Leaving them were he camped for a night, he dropped down stream in a home made raft and awaited results. He had not long to wait. The Indians naturally pounced on this treasure-trove as soon as they discovered it and went on their way rejoicing. They discovered before long that small-pox was raging in every camp, running through the tribes as a prairie fire runs through stubble a foot high when fanned by a strong wind. Probably thousands of Indians among the Blackfeet, Bloods, Assiniboines, Crees, Stonies and Sarcees were given a quick passage to the happy hunting grounds. Yet the man who set this disease running among the Indians escaped "scot free" when in point of justice he should have been hanged, drawn and quartered.

SUN DANCES

No history of the Cypress Hills country would be perfect without some reference to the Sun Dances which from time immemorial were observed there by different tribes.

Dancing, which is condemned by many people, is about as old as human nature. All nations have danced. The Egyptians, five thousand years ago, believed it was a good thing received from their God, Thoth. The ancients thought that Castor and Pollux held the first dancing academy and taught the practice of it to the Lacedaemonians. In other days there were festal dances and funeral dances and military dances and "mediatorial" dances and bacchanalian dances. Not only is this true in what we are pleased to term cultured life, but the red men of Oregon, Dakota and Western Canada have their "stem" dances and buffalo dances and green corn dances and scalp dances and war dances. But the greatest of all is, perhaps, the Sun Dance. As the Cypress Hills was the hunting ground of Crees, Blackfeet, Assiniboines and Sioux, it is not at all surprising to learn that in early days it was not only a favourite camping ground but was also considered the proper place for holding the annual Sun Dance. Most of these were held on the north side of the Cypress Hills, and Six Mile Coulee, near Fort Walsh, was not only a favourite camping ground for the Assiniboines, but the place where they generally held

their annual Sun Dance. As most people know, the Sun Dance was for the purpose of initiating warriors, as young bucks of seventeen or eighteen years of age were not allowed by the law of the tribe to go on the war-path or with a war party unless they had shown their gameness by enduring—without a whimper—all the tortures inflicted when going through the Sun Dance. In the centre of the Medicine Lodge was a large strong post, cut in the Cypress Hills and embedded in the ground, which supported the whole tent. Then a railing constructed from rough hewn saplings ran about three-quarters of the way around the inside of the Lodge, from left hand side of the door or entrance to the Medicine Lodge. Inside this railing was a single file of the veterans and best fighting braves of the whole tribe. These were practically the V. C. men of the Indian tribes. Each scarred warrior held a whistle and tom-tom and these were kept in operation all the time the ceremony was going on. The medicine man, stripped to the waist, stood near the centre of the Lodge ready to administer all the torture, and when the proper time came the candidates for initiation, partly stripped and painted, came forward, accompanied by their female relations. They were taken hold of by the medicine man, who drove skewers of hard wood through the thick muscles of the breast, as a woman would truss a fowl, securing the ends of the skewers to the double tails of raw-hide lariat attached to the upper part of the upright post. When all was ready, the aspirant for honours as a brave would to the shrill whistle and drumming of the musicians and deep chant of the hardened warriors, plunge forward like an unbroken bronk, rear up in the air, fall over backwards, throwing his whole weight on the raw-hide rope until the hard wood skewers broke, or the muscles of the breast were torn apart. This ordeal made him a warrior and the next candidate for initiation then came forward to undergo the same peculiar brand of torture. These very severe tests were endured by boys of seventeen or eighteen with the greatest fortitude, no cry or moan escaping their lips.

MEDICINE LODGE

Medicine Lodge, at the west end of the Cypress Hills—the location of the Mounted Police Barracks in charge of Sgt. Allan—was a favourite camping ground of the Blackfeet and Blood Indians in early days. Here both tribes frequently held their Sun Dance when in the region of the Hills. Indeed, according to Abe Farewell, an American trader, the valley of Medicine Lodge received its name, because, about on the site of the present Dempster farm the Medicine Lodge used for the initiation of young braves was located; while along the bottom of the ridge, overlooking the Nichol and Garlough homesteads, rows of tents were pitched in by-gone days. Sometimes the Blackfeet and Bloods varied the performance by attaching to the wooden skewers passed through underneath the muscles of the back a couple of the heaviest buffalo skulls, and the

would-be-braves were compelled to jump and dance around until the skulls broke loose or tore the flesh apart. If a young buck could not stand this torture he was forever disgraced and had to herd with the squaws for the rest of his life. Abe Farewell tells of being present at one initiation before the police came, when a young lad was being put through this torture. He managed to shake loose one buffalo skull but his strength failed. The other skull hung on like a burr. Finally, tottering, swaying and reeling round like a drunken man, he pitched forward. However, at this juncture his mother dashed in on a cayuse and, seizing the skull, went off on a lopé, dragging her son by the thong, which burst, saving the situation.

FIRST SAWMILL AND SCANDAL

With the advent of the railway prospectors were searching every nook and cranny of the West for timber limits and coal mines in the interest of those who had a pull with Sir John A. MacDonald. One of these gentry, Reynard by name, got a concession in the Cypress Hills. Immediately, he and a partner began negotiating for a sale of their limits to Louis Sands, the lumber king of Michigan, who sent a timber-cruiser out to make a report on the prospective value of the limit, but he was bought over by the parties in Ottawa for some \$20,000. Accordingly, on his recommendation, Sands purchased the limits in the Cypress for \$150,000, and sent out a sawmill and complete outfit of men and horses, which unloaded at Irvine, in 1883. From there they made a trail to Elkwater Lake and erected the first sawmill which, however, after working for a few years did not pay axle grease for the wagons. It is some satisfaction to know that Sir Richard Cartwright having got on the scent of this particular deal, he gave tongue and the whole Liberal pack joined in the chase during the session of 1890. They had the satisfaction, too, of being in at the death as they ran the foxy gentleman to earth at Ottawa and were able to display his brush before the end of the session. Among those who came to Medicine Hat with the Sands outfit were the Adsit family. Old Mr. Adsit starting one of the earliest ranches by shipping in two carloads of splendid shorthorn heifers which were turned loose on the ranch south of Irvine in 1885. Strange to say, these cattle pulled through the exceptionally hard winter of 1886-7 with very little loss. Mr. Nels Adsit and family remained up at Elkwater while the sawmill continued operating. Mr. R. Porter drove Mr. Adsit out from Irvine to the Hills. By the way, the present trail to Elkwater follows the old trail which was surveyed by Mr. Adsit, senior, who was a civil engineer by profession.

RANCHING IN THE CYPRESS HILLS

In the settlement of the West the farmer has, generally speaking, according to Roosevelt's words "followed the rancher and ultimately crowded him out." Curiously enough, in the

Cypress Hills this order of things has been reversed. But there was good reason for that. After the disappearance of the buffalo, the government was facing a very big problem; namely, what to do with bands of starving Indians. On the recommendation of Major Walsh and others, a sort of government farm and Indian Reserve combined was established at the western end of the Hills, near where the Moody Ranch was afterwards located. Experiencing a series of rather wet years from 1879 to 1885, most of the grain grew five and six feet high and always got frozen in the end of August or early in September. Piapot's band being anxious to move on to a small reserve near Maple Creek, the Indian farm in the Cypress Hills was ultimately abandoned. Then followed the advent of the stockman. With thousands of acres of luxuriant grasses, hundreds of springs clear as crystal, rolling hills and bluffs of brush, deep, well sheltered valleys, plenty of creeks with snug, grassy, well protected bottoms, the Cypress was an ideal ranching country, save when a hard winter, such as 1886, 1893 or 1906, came along. Then, unless the rancher had plenty of hay, he found his herd cut in two. Probably the earliest men to try out the Hills country as a stock paradise were Bill McEwen and Harry Smibert, who, leaving Regina early in 1886, drove to Swift Current. From there they followed the Saskatchewan to the forks of the Red Deer and then struck south, hitting the railway near Kincorth. The country was as dry as the Sahara. Getting a supply of grub at Maple Creek, they drove out south-west to Grayburn and passed "the worst winter the West ever saw," hibernating in Six Mile Coulee. The following year Mitchell Bros. located their ranches near Elkwater Lake, where they ranched until after the hard winter of 1893, when Mr. R. Mitchell moved down the river and Mr. Jas. Mitchell took up the place where the L A Ranch is now located. Mr. Jas. Mitchell was quite a character in his way, but had the saving grace of humour. Pioneering north of Regina in 1883 he lived in what he described as a little cubby hole, a sort of cross between a dug-out and a sod shack. The smoke was so bad that he used to say, "Whiles I ha'e my doots whether I am a Scotchman, a kippered herrin' or a corn cob." Mrs. Mitchell, not being used to evaporated apples, on one occasion filled the pot too full, when they started flowing over as the pot commenced to boil. With a twinkle in his eye Mr. Mitchell advised her to throw the beggarin' things out as if they commenced to swell that way after one ate them it would be worse than a stick of dynamite. Mitchell Brothers were among the early exporters of cattle, two carloads being sent down to Montreal in charge of F. Collins in 1890. They also shipped a carload of horses, which, according to western ideas, were considered "broke," but by all accounts they broke the heart and patience of the average Scotch farmer around Stirling, though some half-breds, raised by Palmer, of Red Deer, sold well and one won a number of trotting and running races for Alex. Mitchell.

C. Brown established his ranch in 1887, which later developed into one of the best in the vicinity, with enough implements and machinery to run a departmental store. In 1893 the Hooper and Huckvale ranch was located at Manyberries, where as many as 3,000 head of cattle were ranged. Later the ranch was sold to Mac Higdon, who may well congratulate himself on possessing two of the very best ranches in the district. At the same time he deserves the congratulation of all who know him; for, starting with nothing, yet honestly earning every dollar he has invested, and all in the space of twenty-two years. Larry Sexton, Jim English and John Read are deserving of honourable mention as successful old-timers. Then the Scotts, Lindsays, Alexanders, Murrays, John Day, whose old location is now occupied by F. Leland, and, further down the Peigan, the Forsters, Davies, Endersbys and D. Cargill, who has imported a number of good Clydes, among them "Favourite Blend." On Plume Creek we find Jas. Johnson and Alex. Shaw, practical stockmen with large experience in Scotland, whose addition to the list of judges in sheep and cattle would strengthen the hands of Mr. Galbraith and Mr. Hoadley. While among the real old-timers we find the Gobbetts, Carles, Clarks, Peachys, Paytons and Devines, formerly of Petrified Coulee. Among the earliest settlers on the Gros Ventre were the Hawks, Porters, also Dick Porter, and W. Tom, and the Laits, while further up towards the Hills, the Houston, Putmans and McFadden ranches were located. In the Josephsburg country the earliest settlers were Bill Smibert, Jim Robinson, H. Hassard, P. Kinnaird, Blackburn and Mr. Somers, now of Irvine. Further east S. Fawcett was a pioneer, followed by Armstrong Bros., of the East and West; also the Goods, who both farmed and ranned in early days. Down at the Gap, the Coopers—father and sons—who had one of the early dairies in Medicine Hat, started ranching about 1891.

GAME IN THE HILLS

The Cypress Hills, being now a forest reserve, game of all kinds are rapidly multiplying. In early days there were plenty of brown bear and even grizzlies frequently visited the Cypress. Hearing a noise one night, Mr. J. Mitchell went out and in broad Scotch addressed the invader: "What are ye prowlin' roon the hoose fur? Are ye drunk, or do ye no ken whaur yer gaun?" About fifteen feet away a bear got up on his hind legs, upon which Mr. Mitchell said: "Well, you may not know whaur yer gaun, but I know whaur I'm gaun," and immediately made tracks for the house. Securing a rifle, he came to the door but the bear, which probably was as much scared as he was, also hiked for cover in the tall timber. Shortly after this, a steer having got mired near the end of Elkwater Lake, three cowboys tried to pull it out with the aid of a good cow-pony and lariat, but failed! A grizzly came along and dragged out the mired animal as easily as Samson lifted the gates of Gaza. Hearing of the silver tip's attention to

stock, a hunt for his hide was organized by F. Whitford, Earl Adsit and Jack Devine. Following his tracks, they located him in a den on the cut-bank just up from where the Becker cottage is standing at the present time. Whitford, being an old bear hunter, suggested that they close up the mouth of the hole with logs, easily rolled down from above. After they had made the mouth of the hole secure, Adsit and Devine—contrary to the advice of Whitford, fired a couple of shots into Bruin's winter quarters, believing he was hibernating. Far from being asleep, the grizzly was very much alive. Coughing, hacking, spitting blood from a wound and roaring like a Bull of Bashan, the enraged grizzly charged the barrier of logs and burst through them with no more difficulty than if he were going through a web which the spiders had spun over the mouth of his cavern. Fortunately, Whitford, who was a splendid shot, remained cool as a cucumber and expecting him to come with a vengeance, was ready with his rifle, pumping three shots into him over the heart and one in the brain, which ended the grizzly's charge. Had not Whitford been a very sure shot, the adventure would have had a fatal termination for the three musketeers. Several years before this Geo. Gunn, who was trapping on the Red Deer, came on a huge grizzly near the town of Empress, in 1884. Opening fire at about one hundred yards, he broke the shoulder of the bear, yet, on three legs the monster charged almost as fast as a horse would gallop and Gunn had to put five shots into him before he could stop him. Even then the bear got almost within mauling distance. From Elkwater down to Medicine Lodge was a favourite resort for bear. They levied quite a toll on stock, being specially fond of calves, and by putting one fore paw on the slaughtered calf, could rip the hide off about as clean as an Indian could with a butcher knife. In early days Cougar, or Mountain Lion, were occasionally found in the Cypress, Mr. Mitchell having observed them on several occasions. They, however, confined their attention chiefly to deer, though—like the wolf—they were fond of young colts.

DEER IN THE HILLS

There are a number of saltlicks, between Elkwater and old Fort Walsh. From these deer runs radiate like spokes in a wheel all over the Hills, there being several varieties of deer, though black tailed deer are perhaps more numerous. In early days this antlered glory of the Cypress made the Indian hunter's eye sparkle, his cheek glow and respiration quicken. To say nothing of its usefulness, although, according to MacDougall, the Indians hunted deer in the Cypress because its skin was very easily turned into ornamental apparel, its sinews fashioned into the best bow strings, its antlers supplying handles for hunting knives and the shavings of its horns were used by the medicine men as a restorative, taking the place of the medicine the white man calls hartshorn. But putting aside its usefulness, this enchanting creature seems like a

blood horse made out of gracefulness and elasticity. What an eye, with a liquid brightness as if gathered up from a hundred lakes at sunset! The horns, a coronal branching out into every possible curve and after it seems done, ascending into other projections of exquisiteness, a tree of polished bone, uplifted in pride or swung down for awful combat when stags meet in the rutting season for duels to death. Sometimes it is timidity impersonated. At other times velocity embodied. Eye lustrous in life and pathetic in death. The black-tailed deer is a splendid animal—a complete rhythm of muscle, and bone, and colour, and attitude, and locomotion, whether crouched in the grass among the shadows or like a living bolt shooting through the timber or turning at bay to attack the hounds, or rearing up for its last fall under the bullet of the hunter or sportsman. It has such a splendid appearance that even the brush of Sir Edwin Landseer fails to do it justice, and only a hunter's dream on a pillow of spruce or hemlock at the foot of the Cypress is able to picture it. When it comes down at eventide to the lake's edge to drink among the lily-pods, and with its sharp-edged hoof shatters the crystal of Elkwater, it is very picturesque—a living statue which defies all efforts on the part of even the best sculptor to imitate.

FROM REDCLIFF NORTH

People who visit Redcliff see coal mines in operation, people working like beavers in the brick plants, steel and iron works, a glass plant—second to none in the whole Dominion—and the irrigation plant on the flat, with the remains of the Government Experimental Farm, southeast of the town. Most people are under the impression that these industries sprung into existence about ten or twelve years ago, when Stoner, Wheeler and Lockwood decided to survey a townsite. However, to be absolutely correct—though Redcliff was not in existence—similar industries were started in early days. In 1884 a gentleman by the name of Baylis, who had made a lot of money in Montreal manufacturing carpets, invested about \$100,000 in the coal mine, had plenty of machinery, and large gangs of men. In those days the place consisted of boarding houses, shacks, a store belonging to the coal company, and also a store started by Tweed and Ewart, with Henry Stewart as manager. The coal mined was good enough, provided it could be used right away, but as population was rather sparse during the early eighties, most of the coal had to be kept from three to six months, and in the meantime powdered down like slacked lime. This ultimately meant a big loss to the men who invested capital, and about 1886 the mines were closed and the goods in the stores auctioned off by R. McCutcheon, Mr. Hargrave purchasing the tea in chests at five cents a pound, and Albert Hughes getting the drugs and rubber goods at similar cut rates.

In the early eighties Bob Louden took up a homestead near the Bending place and 1884 being a wet year, the oats—some

thirty acres—were tall enough to hide a man. The Canadian Pacific Railway seeing such a stand, thought they had struck a land flowing with milk and honey, so they established an experimental farm near Stair, with a Scotchman by the name of MacDiarmid in charge as manager. To Bob Louden belongs the honour of taking the first steamer down the Saskatchewan. "The Northcote" made several trips with "Bob" as pilot. Navigating the Saskatchewan is a good deal like combing nigger's wool—it doesn't look very deep or intricate, but there are a heap of kinks and curves in it. One gentleman, who thought the business as easy as rolling off logs, left "The Lily" stranded on a sand-bar near the Drowning Ford Ranch in 1884, and her remains are embalmed in that sand-bar for all time. Bob, knowing the croon of the Saskatchewan as a young mother knows baby talk, was selected as pilot for "The Northcote" in 1885; which he took down on schedule time, laden with provisions, to Saskatoon, which then consisted of a single shack or two. On the way down he sighted a buffalo bull below the forks of the Red Deer. Mr. Sissons, partner of Jas. Hargrave, and father of F. O. Sissons, took several flat-bottomed boats down to Prince Albert country with goods for his trading store. On one occasion an Indian put his moccasined foot over the side of the boat and a rattlesnake lying in the sun alongside the boat, struck the sole of the moccasin, which, fortunately, was as hard as shoe leather. This probably saved the Indian's life. The Indian, however, leaped about three feet in the air and executed a very lively two-step, jig and highland fling combined. Mr. Sissons had the greatest difficulty to persuade him that he was not bitten. Probably he wanted a little fire-water for his sole's sake. About 1891 Messrs. Hargrave, McCutcheon, Drinnan and Leonard brought over an engineer by the name of Wright from Montana, who surveyed the flats between Redcliff and Medicine Hat, with a view to irrigating between five and six hundred acres. The cost was too great, however. Along about 1897 Mr. Briar started a brick plant up near "the red cliffs." The brick—of splendid colour—were made by hand and Lethbridge coal was used for burning them. Now, while brick burned with gas costs the buyer about \$34 a thousand, Mr. Briar delivered his brick in Medicine Hat for nine dollars a thousand and paid fifty cents a load to get them over the ferry. Mr. Briar used to haul with a team of sorrel mares raised at Stair, which weighed 1830 pounds. No animals like that raised in pasture now-a-days. Horses have not the feed. The Stair Ranch was started in 1888, Mr. John Ellis and his wife coming up that year. A splendid bunch of horses, all raised from Ontario mares, were kept at Stair, some of these being now owned by Lettelier O'Connor, of Ranchville. A splendid bunch of about five hundred Galloway cattle were also kept and, being good rustlers, the bunch were always in fine shape and as pretty as a picture. They were afterwards secured by Mr. Tinney, who has been ranching down the river for quite a time.

Thynne and Hole had the first sheep ranch down near Fly Lake with Ed. Clark and Dave Fenton in charge; also D. Laing, who is now railroading in Medicine Hat.

The Briar families, also the Duttons and Loudens, were amongst the earliest to try farming and ranching. Samson Dutton assisted in digging the gas well at Langevin and, striking a flow of gas instead of water on his own place, had to be dragged out of the well by Dr. Blythe and John Ellis. The Winterburn ranch, and the place now occupied by Jess Bishop, who worked on the Stair ranch in early years, were located down the river in the early nineties. Dave Williamson and F. Walker are both old-timers, coming to Medicine Hat in 1890. The Gordon ranch on the Red Deer, one of the largest north of the river, with plenty of irrigated land, was located in 1895 by Mr. Andrew Gordon. A short time afterwards Fergus Kennedy commenced ranching, followed by Jas. Rae and J. T. Bell, who brought up bunches of cattle from Manitoba in 1897; as did Shannon Bros., who went extensively into horse ranching. Up the river from Medicine Hat, Jim Pierce was the first to locate after Hogmain at the forks of the Bow and Belly, followed by J. D. McGregor, of Brandon. Along the south side ranches were located by Hunt, John Shaw, Sivelle and Lindquist; while on the north side Blythe Bros. had their ranch on the flats west from Redcliff, while further up Ezra Pearson and J. T. Bell had choice locations. The Orangeville ranch was conducted by Joe Hewitt, before going into the hardware business with R. C. Black. To Palmer, who ranned and also hunted and trapped on the Red Deer in the early eighties, belongs the credit of being pioneer rancher. Services were conducted at Redcliff mines by Rev. Bridgeman and Herald, 1883 to 1886, while Jack Turner, now of the Y.M.C.A., Saskatoon, opened up services along Red Deer Trail in 1909.

SEVEN PERSONS

The first big ranch—the M-H-R was located on the flat opposite Redcliff in 1884 by Messrs. Tweed, Finlay, Ewart, with Pearson as manager. In 1885 two hundred head of shorthorn cattle were brought in from Ontario and located on the ranch, eight miles south of Seven Persons, where large bunches of cattle were ranged until 1909 when the ranch was sold to parties from the East, and afterwards purchased by T. B. Jenkinson and his brother, who ran a polo ranch. Later the ranch was purchased by Mac. Higdon. Near Bull's Head Walton and Cochrane had cattle in the late eighties, also Bowler and Zimmerman on Seven Persons. To the south Miers, Torgeson and Kraft had ranches on the creek, while up the valley you ran into ranches owned by Bob Rice, Manley Miller, Dick Huntley, the Bassett boys and the Adsit family. Straight south of Dauntless P. Robertson located his ranch, starting with a bunch of sheep, driven down from near Gleichen by G. Earl in 1889. In the nineties Starks and Burton engaged in

horse ranching, and Mayberry Bros., and Ross started in the cattle business, coming up from Manitoba where Mr. Mayberry, senior, threshed grain for a very prominent politician—now a multi-millionaire—and never got his threshing bill. John Shields, now of Vancouver, is a real old-timer, teaming for the police in the seventies and homesteading near Fort Saskatchewan, where all his grain was frozen and snowed under in August, 1879. Coming to Medicine Hat he started south of Seven Persons in 1892. During the boom he sold his property on Toronto Street for \$50,000. A little while ago, meeting the buyer in the Hull Block, Mr. Shields said, "I believe I know you." Upon which Mr. Hull responded "I'm damned sure I know you. I don't readily forget an introduction that costs \$50,000." Hon. Chas. Mitchell started a large horse ranch at Seven Persons in 1902 with Chas. Sherman as manager, and Nestings and Bergs should also be included among the early settlers.

DUNMORE

Dunmore—now Coleridge—came into existence in 1883. A roundhouse, a boarding house and a few small residences constituted the place then. The first service in any church was conducted by Rev. J. A. Williams, Supt. of Methodist Church, who was driven over by Rev. Mr. Bridgeman one Sunday in September, 1883. They drummed up the people after they arrived, fifteen men and a few women being present. The congregation occupied impromptu seats arranged in the roundhouse; the pulpit was an anvil draped with a blacksmith's apron. The opening of the narrow gauge railroad was made the occasion of a free excursion from Medicine Hat and Dunmore to Lethbridge. When coal began to be shipped East by the Galt company Dunmore became quite a bustling place, about one hundred men being employed in the business of unloading and shipping coal East on the Canadian Pacific Railway. Among the gangs of men were quite a few rough-necks, especially one big bully who used to bulldoze everyone, until he bumped into Dan Cavan, who came to Dunmore in 1884. Dan, being an old soldier who had followed Lord Roberts from Kabul to Candahar, learnt his scrapping in the barracks room square. Though Dan was giving away about forty pounds, he invited the bully out to get his change. After the scrap was over, the latter was bleeding like a stuck pig, his nose had somehow got concealed behind his ear and the papers of the place said the bully's face "was closed for alterations and repairs." After this exploit Dan went farming and ranching close to Dunmore, being one of the real old-timers. Henry Cavan received a lot for being one of the first white children born in the district, 1887, and is now farming and ranching on an extensive scale. John Pols came to Dunmore early in 1886, worked on the section, and afterwards went ranching, building up a fine horse ranch, owning "Tarrel Dauntless," a very good Clyde stud. In 1887 Mr. Nie-

man came to Dunmore and started both farming and ranching. His boys, who are now in the ice business in Medicine Hat, being thorough westerners.

The Sir Lister Kaye outfit, having the farm and ranch at Dunmore, Mr. Alex. Middleton and his wife—a splendid type of the, Aberdonian at his best—came up from Balgonie, where he was managing the farm there, and took charge at Dunmore, afterwards going ranching and dairying on Ross creek. When quitting the "76" outfit in 1891 Mr. Middleton was offered the pick of the heavy mares with a yearling colt thrown in for forty dollars per head. This was a splendid bargain as they were all raised from eastern mares and weighed from 1700 to 1800 pounds. The late Capt. Johnson, who came in with the police in 1874, was in Dunmore with his family for a length of time before coming to Medicine Hat to run the ferry in the nineties. The Jenkins boys were also among the very early settlers, being down by the golf club, 1887, before moving down Irvine and Many Island Lake way. Fred Walker also worked on the "76," coming to Dunmore in 1892, while the Harper boys also had a place on Ross creek. One of the very earliest ranchers deserves to be mentioned here—Herb Gobbett and his brother—who had a place near the junction, moving out to Plume Creek in 1889 where he gathered around him a fine bunch of Clydes, being an expert breeder. Mr. Millar had a place on Ross creek, while Jim Acheson and his brother—among the real old-timers on the Canadian Pacific Railway—worked the section out of Dunmore and afterwards farmed south of there. Bob McEwan took charge of the mail for quite a time. Then the Cowans, Theims, Sallows, Wrights, Leppards and Schmediks, also Jim Moore, deserve to be mentioned. Along Ross creek D. Trimble and Wm. Stewart started in the ranching business. Services were conducted by Rev. J. Herald, 1885-1890; Rev. Mr. Stephen, 1891-1895; Rev. J. W. Morrow, 1896-1902, when Hillis Wright took charge and D. K. Allan.

WALSH AND IRVINE

The flats around Walsh in the original survey for the Canadian Pacific Railway are represented as an old lake bottom and at least three times since 1883 the flats have been covered with water, in 1902, also 1906, when the big floods came. Again in February, 1916, owing to sudden melting of deep snow and the ice damming up the creek, the water over-flowed and was two or three feet deep in every house and store. However, conditions were much worse than that before the coming of the police, according to the testimony of Gardripey, who, on a hunting trip after buffalo, saw the whole flats under water and buffalo crossing the west end of the huge lake between "Stony Creek" and Irvine. This would mean at least fifteen feet of water where the town of Walsh now stands.

In early days—say twenty-five years ago—Walsh was without doubt the banner ranching district of the whole Province. Ranchers may talk of the Blood Reserve, High River, the Porcupine Hills and other noted ranges, but they were not in it for a moment with the Walsh district. No matter from what point the wind blew stock always had plenty of shelter, while the flats around Walsh, Cummings, Many Island Lake and Pashley always produced the finest of blue joint hay. Walsh blue joint is equal to the best upland hay and oats for any work horse. Even in the very worst winters there was no great slaughter among stock around Walsh. In 1886, when snow was three feet deep and even cayuses died on the Blackfoot Reserve, at Walsh a band of hundreds of antelope lived in the hills around Forres. In 1893, when cattle died like flies, John MacDonald wintered a bunch of four hundred head of cattle on Box Elder without any hay, practically speaking, and had only a loss of about twenty head. From the twenty-second of January until the thirteenth of February the temperature hung around thirty-five below in the day time. All that time MacDonald lived in a tent and one morning could hardly light the fire, his teeth rattling together like a pair of castagnettes. Again in the extremely hard winter of 1906-7 there was very little loss around Walsh. A chinook came along about December 20th and cleared away all the snow, and again on February 4th a good chinook came, which cleaned off what fell in January, 1907. Just as Gull Lake is one of the best farming districts in Saskatchewan, so is Walsh the very best ranching district, while Grayburn and the south country is generally a fairly good farming district. The earliest rancher was Scotty Gow, who located in Grayburn after leaving the police in 1884. Then G. Gunn, who was married to a squaw, was settled near the Sarnia Ranch in 1885. The Hargrave and Sissons ranch was located near Many Island Lake in 1889, with J. MacDonald as manager. The latter escaped freezing in 1893, was dragged out of the Saskatchewan by Jack Hargrave in 1891, swallowed a dose of aconite by mistake in 1900 and had a quiet old plug rear up and fall over on the top of him; so he reminds one of the epitaph Sir Walter Scott came across in Ireland:

Here lies the body of Patsy Ryan,
Who took all blows mighty foine;
He was a truthful bhoj
But he died lyin.'

So, though John is a truthful boy, he'll probably die lying in bed, but that such a catastrophe may be a good way off is the wish of all. W. Nicol started the first sheep ranch in 1885 where the home camp of the Sarnia ranch now stands, Jas. Johnson being in charge from 1887 to 1891. Mr. J. A. Grant came down from Lethbridge in 1892 with a bunch of 3,000 sheep, starting the Sarnia ranch, after buying out the Nicol ranch. Under the

vigorous management of Mr. Grant the Sarnia ranch developed into one of the largest holdings, with 10,000 sheep, 2,000 cattle and about 300 head of Clyde horses. The brick house at the Sarnia ranch and also the home of W. Reesor, who located in the Cypress Hills on Battle Creek about 1900, are quite equal to the best homes in Medicine Hat. Mr. Manzer, now of Victoria, started ranching in Grayburn in 1890, where he gathered round him a good bunch of cattle and horses. Art Trent had his large ranch at the spring where the Canadian Pacific Railway now draw their water for Walsh tank from. About fifteen miles south Billy Wilson, Jim MacBain, the Keatleys, the Stothers family, the Macleans and Sam Leitch were all among the early settlers in Graburn district, while the Rormans, Schultzs, Jans and Ginthers were among the earliest to try farming. In around Walsh Tom Stevenson, John Flood and the Strong family had cattle in the early nineties, while along about 1900 the Sinclairs, Campbells, Schroders and Fultons came; also the Lambies, though one of the latter clan was among the early sheep ranchers out near Fen Martin's place, the latter locating a band of sheep at Cherry Coulee in 1891. The Porter boys moved from the Gros Ventre district to Stony Creek about 1900, while Walter Cooper moved to his present location about the same time. Nugent moved from Forres to Box Elder in 1893, the ranch, after his death, being purchased by Geo. Halliday. About 1896 the F4 outfit, owned by Drinnan and Herald Bros., went into stock, also on Box Elder where they ranned until 1906, selling to Jas. Hargrave. For a while a Galician worked for the Herald outfit, who provided quite a bit of humour on the side. After coming to Edmonton from Galicia, Matt worked in a packing plant. Being asked what were the first words he learnt on coming to Canada, Matt innocently replied "What's your name?" and unprintable cuss words. On one occasion he and Dr. Herald were taking a bunch of cattle, including two milk cows, in to Walsh. When they had got the cattle about two miles away from the ranch a donkey, among the stock on the ranch which had developed the peculiar trait of rounding up the milk cows morning and evening, suddenly appeared on the scene. Roaring like the Vicar of Bray, the donkey charged the bunch open-mouthed, cutting out the milk cows and stampeding the whole bunch. Running the cows as "Red Wull" drove the scurrying sheep when lifting the cup in "Bob Son of Battle," this self-constituted cowboy never let up until the milk cows were put into the corral. By all accounts Dr. Herald would have liked to lay the quirt on the donkey's hide until he was striped like a circus zebra, but never got near enough. The only thing to do was to cuss that ass until the doctor had nothing left but holy thoughts to draw upon. The Galician, who had heard Crossly and Hunter in a campaign in Medicine Hat, when questioned, always said "it seemed like as if the doctor was talkin' to the Lord."

North of Walsh you run into the MacDonald and Sissons' place, while Dan Drinnan who used to run the Trent ranch, has his buildings south of Island Lake. On the north side of the lake is the old McCormick ranch, near where the oil wells are being drilled. People in the West have not much use for the remittance man, but if oil is discovered in Many Island Lake field in any great quantity—as many are expecting—the citizens of Medicine Hat may have to erect a monument to a down-and-out remittance man employed on the McCaig-McCormick ranch as a sheep-herder, in 1905; who, having a good knowledge of geology and being through most of the oil fields across the line, first hinted to McCormick that the wealth below the soil would bring him far more than the five thousand sheep he was ranging around Island Lake. West of the oil wells is the old Rutherford ranch, now occupied by Barney Crockett.

In Irvine district Phil. Macleay is one of the oldest ranchers and though some parties in Lethbridge got cold feet and pulled out of the company twenty years ago, Phil. stayed in the game and he and his wife and family deserve the measure of prosperity that has come with passing years. South of Irvine, in early days, the Crawfords, Morts, Beckers, Calkins and Adsits had bunches of stock. George Mackie came to Calgary in 1890, remaining two years and then going across to Montana, coming back to Canada in 1900 with 5,000 sheep and other stock, on which he paid \$3,200 duty. Locating near Irvine, he has remained in the ranching business ever since. Others ranching around Irvine in early days were the Benwells, the McLaughlins, the McLeishs, Fred Crewe, the Weisses, the Cooks, the Corbetts, Jimmy Crooks and Sid. Macleay. North of Irvine, along the river, Jim Sanderson had the first ranch, in 1884, where Grant Bros. are now ranching. In the late nineties Dr. Allison Smith and W. C. Smith, M.L.A., and Thos. Lokier went into stock raising at Chappice Lake, afterwards rendered famous by Hatfield. About the same time the Lynch Cattle Company started at Bull Springs, and A. K. Walker and H. Beattie were early ranchers in the Sand Hills. Irvine generally puts up a good day's sport, racing and baseball on May 24th or July 1st. On one occasion a very peculiar scrap took place at Irvine between a couple of cowboys. It was not under Marquis of Queensberry rules but a rough and tumble, kick with the heels and butt with the head, nigger style of fighting. The biggest cowboy grabbed his opponent, with the idea of throwing him down and giving him a thorough pummeling while on the ground. The little fellow, however, decided to fight like a game rooster, using his spurs. Hitting the ground, he threw his arms around the shoulders of the big one, hugged him as tight as a bear, then started with Mexican spurs to beat a tattoo on the calves of the big fellow's legs. As he was driving them in to the rowels with each jab, his opponent, not being able to stand the gaff, soon had to holler for mercy.

The first services in the Walsh-Irvine field were conducted by Prof. Oliver, now of Saskatoon, followed by Rev. D. Downie. The latter held services up in Grayburn and there being services at Mr. Manzer's and at the same time a little coolness between them and Mrs. Gow, Downie thought it was time to straighten out the tangle. Accordingly calling on Mrs. Gow, he mentioned that he had not seen her at service and urged upon her the duty of "going to the house of God," as a woman brought up in the north of Ireland should. Mrs. Gow touched Downie's sense of humour by replying, "I hope I certainly will always go to the House of God, sir, but I certainly will not go to the house of man, sir."

MAPLE CREEK

The year 1882 was a very busy one in the construction camps, as the road was in process of being built, reaching Maple Creek in the fall of '82. Piapot was called after the well-known Assiniboine Chief, who, with a band of seven hundred warriors, made a raid into the Blackfeet country in 1870, but was badly beaten by Bloods and Piegan, under the command of Jerry Potts. The Piegan could only muster about five hundred braves, but they had about one hundred breech-loaders while the enemy had chiefly muzzle-loading muskets, with the result that they were—after a fierce fight of four or five hours—driven across the Belly river near the Lethbridge coal mines, with a loss of over three hundred killed; after which Piapot made a record run from Lethbridge to the vicinity of Maple Creek. With the advent of the railway, the Government determined to move the police from Fort Walsh and barracks were speedily erected at Maple Creek and Medicine Hat, where a police ferry boat was put on the river. Col. Steele was appointed to administer justice along the line from Swift Current to Medicine Hat. The first court house at Swift Current was a Red River cart, "with a plank stretched across it for a bench," Col. Steele acting as magistrate. In the fall of 1882 there was danger of a strike near Maple Creek and Col. Steele was sent there with all the available men from Regina. However, things passed over without any trouble. In the spring of 1883, men looking for business and ranching locations began to drop off at Maple Creek, Dixon Bros. being among the earliest. In May, 1883, Dr. Jas. Robertson, Supt. of Missions for the Presbyterian Church, visited most of the places between Swift Current and Medicine Hat. On the invitation of John and Chester Dixon, Rev. W. Bridgeman went down to Maple Creek, conducting service and baptizing four of their children. At the next conference Rev. C. Teeter was appointed to the field and this laid the foundation of the Methodist Church. The first station agent was John Flack, followed by Jack Maclean. Ed. Fearon, afterwards M.L.A., was one of the early hotel keepers. Among the earliest ranchers were W. R. Abbott, Sgt. in police, the Pollocks, Smalls, Cheesemans, McGarrys and Lawrences, along Fish Creek and south. On Hay

Creek Peacock located in 1884, while W. A. Douglas and the Greelys were among the early ranchers; also Joe Wiley, who located south in the Cypress. We must not forget Chas. Saunders, P. O'Hara and Tom Doyle, who struck the Creek in 1886. Then among the early settlers were Jean Claustre, St. Denis, Jules Quesnell, Leveille and Louis Quappele, the last named being one of the best guides in the police, with a wonderful sense of location, being able to travel thirty miles across country at night or in a blinding snow storm as straight as with a compass. From 1883 to 1886 ranchers were bothered with Indians stealing stock, Scotty Gow having a brush with some who were killing stock in Grayburn Coulee and H. Pollock, hearing a noise one night in his corral, went out and seized a prowling Indian who fired from the hip, injuring Mr. Pollock fatally. One of the largest horse ranchers in the West was that conducted by Honey and Oxart, who had about fifteen hundred horses at one time. One half of the bunch ranged west of the Cypress Hills, around Pakowki Lake, while the other part of the herd went down to the East end of the Cypress Hills. A curious thing was always noticed in the spring after the round-up. The bunch that came from the West were always hog-fat, shed their coats and were slicked off by the first of May; while the bunch from the East end of the Hills—where the grass was much longer—were not in as good condition and did not shed their coats until about the end of May. Jas. Fleming, who came to Medicine Hat to go in with Capt. Ross in the Assiniboina in 1900, is one of the very old-timers of Maple Creek; as also is his brother John, and the late Tom Fleming. They assisted on the Oxart ranch and Jim Fleming took down a bunch of twelve hundred head of Oxart horses to Manitoba in the late eighties, offering splendid teams—the pick of the bunch—at one hundred dollars. Jim Fleming, being always a good sport, is full of reminiscences of early days in the Creek when the sports there had such wonderful horses as "Blair Athol" and "Banquo" to maintain the reputation of Maple Creek. After the exceptionally dry summer of 1886-7 the prairie was like tinder and that year Mr. Quick and some other early settlers were up in the Cypress getting out logs when a fire started in the timber and, fanned by a high wind from the East, came with the speed of a Derby winner. Mr. Quick, seeing it was impossible to escape, unhitched his horses and turned them loose. At the same time he jumped into a little creek, lying down in the mud and water, and just escaped by the skin of his teeth, though badly burned. The horses, harness and wagons were destroyed and several others had very narrow escapes, one of the Lawrences having a very close shave.

SWIFT CURRENT

Before the coming of the police the country west of Swift Current was a great game preserve for the Blackfeet and Bloods and anyone hunting therein was treated as a poacher, liable to be

shot on sight. Consequently the Plains Hunters never ventured into the country between Medicine Hat and Swift Current unless in large armed bands with scouts, guards and pickets. When they camped they laggered after the fashion of a Boer commando, with their carts formed in the shape of a circular corral, shafts inward and hubs touching. Tents were pitched inside and all the best ponies were in the enclosure at night. In 1882, as the construction party came West from Regina, a round-house and siding was laid out at Swift Current. Among the early storekeepers were McDonald and Reid. Jas. Robinson was blacksmith in the round-house. M. Taggart was section foreman, later A. Patterson was in charge of the round-house and first Sunday School Superintendent. McNeilly was also in the round-house, and Saunders, ex-policeman, one of the earliest settlers. Fenton, first operator; and Powell, earliest line repairer on the Canadian Pacific Railway; while the first meat store was run by a Mr. Jones. One of the earliest station agents was Mr. Feighen. Openshaw and Smart were among the first ranchers. The Lister Kaye company, in 1886, established ten farms along the line from Balgonie to Langdon, Cultivating from five hundred to two thousand acres yearly, but had the misfortune to strike a series of very dry years from 1886 to 1892. The farm at Rush Lake was in charge of Mr. Spalding, while the Swift Current farm was under the charge of Mr. Stone as manager, with Mr. Rutherford, from the borders of Scotland, in charge of the sheep, which always paid well. Mr. Andrews was in charge of the cattle and farm at Crane Lake.

The Rebellion of 1885, though costly to the country, was a real God-send to many a hard-up farmer, who joined the troops at fifty cents a day or went teaming, which made more money. Swift Current was a very bustling place, with troops marching for Battleford and teamsters following with supplies in the wake of the soldiers. Some very narrow escapes were recorded. Mr. Applegarth, farm instructor to Red Pheasant's band near Battleford, was awakened at two o'clock Sunday night, March 30th, by a friendly Indian who informed him the hostiles were going on the war path and intended to kill all whites on Monday night. Hastily awakening his wife, sister-in-law and the school teacher, Cunningham, they started with a small team and provisions on a race for Swift Current. The whiffletree broke when five miles from the reserve and Applegarth had to return for a piece of hardwood. They saw Indians about eight o'clock and again the same night, but got into coulees and ravines. Travelling night and day, they came up with Judge Roleau and a party of six, including two constables who were carrying despatches for the police from Battleford. The little party of twelve felt more secure and ultimately reached Swift Current on Monday, April 8th, at noon, making the trip in seven days. Mr. Applegarth immediately volunteered and went north with the soldiers from Swift Current. The last bunch of buffalo ranged between the Red Deer and Elbow

of the Saskatchewan. A hunting party from Swift Current went after them with Johnnie Grant as captain of the hunt. After making a run, the hunting party were successful, killing five—two bulls and three cows. The trophies of the hunt were displayed in the store of Currie Bros., and the head of the largest bull was sent down to Winnipeg, where it was mounted by Hine, one of the best taxidermists in the West. It was a most magnificent specimen, and could have been sold for a large sum to several parties in Winnipeg.

GULL LAKE

Gull Lake, at the end of the Cypress Hills, is perhaps one of the very best farming districts in Saskatchewan. If anyone says there is a better district, then every head of barley strokes its beard, every field of wheat is shocked, every beet blushes a deeper red, every old sow grunts disapproval and every cayuse answers with an unmistakable Neigh! Neigh!

Why such an oasis in the dry belt? There is only one answer. The timber in the Hills draws the storms and spreading out fan-wise acts like a great natural sprinkler over the Gull Lake country. It was so in early years, the "76" always being able to get plenty of hay even in the worst years. Gull Lake doesn't need to employ any Rainmaker. Nature supplies moisture in plenty and does not charge even a dollar for it. She even gives it without shooting off any gas or hot air. The problem of the dry belt will be solved not by seed grain, loans at compound interest, Government commissions, but in nature's own way—by covering a treeless country with plenty of timber. To punish us for our reckless assaults on the forests; whether by axe or fire, we have the disordered seasons; now the drouth, because the uplifting arms of the trees do not pray for rain, their presence, according to all scientists, disposing the descent of the showers; and then we have drying winds, cyclones and hurricanes multiplied in number, because there is nothing to prevent their awful sweep. The best service any government could render Southern Alberta would be to get strips of native timber planted north and south, along the West side of every section.

HISTORY OF BOOMS

Just as Burke said his life might be divided into a series of fits—political, metaphysical, rhetorical and controversial—so most of the towns in the West have been seized with periodical fits of speculation. This disease first struck Medicine Hat when Sam Livingstone, in 1891, started washing gold on a sand-bar, and the whole town went crazy, staking claims for thirty miles up and down the river. Then came a craze for race horses, Peepo, Little Corn, the Lawrences, Quesnelles and quite a few citizens having some good ponies. From 1890 there was a boom in ranching among

those tired of growing wheat at forty cents, and the Morts, Houstons, Musgroves, Scotts, Boyds, Jacksons, etc., came to the banana belt. This was followed by a boom among American stockmen, represented by the Taylors, Wrights, Pruitts and Days. This, in turn, being followed about 1901 with a boom in stockers from the East, railroad men chiefly investing, though the big snowstorm of 1903 put a serious crimp in this boom. Then came the first real estate boom, when the McCutcheon place was purchased by a Calgary syndicate headed by J. W. Hamilton, for \$25,000, in 1906, followed by the sale of the Bassett homestead for \$30,000. Then came the boom over the location of the Canadian Pacific Railway shops in 1910, followed by the boom in connection with the proposed Canadian Northern Railway. Last, but not least, the biggest boom of all, 1912-13, in which there were many embryo millionaires on paper. Then the craze for homesteads, 1909-10, though before that there was some farming done by W. Houghton, Tom Littleford, the Crockfords, John Hawk and the Wetmons, the first four being among the earliest settlers. Then came the oil boom at Calgary in 1914, when \$40,000 left Medicine Hat in one week. We are now about due for another boom. The first boom in municipal government was when W. B. Marshall was elected mayor, with Messrs. Blatchford, Yuill, Penhale, Noble, Hawthorne and Spencer for councillors.

FAMOUS HORSES

As both Medicine Hat and Maple Creek were very sporting towns in early days, more so than now, perhaps a short account of some of the outstanding horses of other day will prove of interest to a number. Let us take our hats off to the cayuse first of all. A real old-timer, and, as most people know, a perfect marvel of endurance for his size. As there were no horses on the American continent at the time of its discovery, it follows that all so-called wild horses on the Plains must originally have sprung from Spanish stock. Now as the mustang, from whom the cayuse or Indian pony is descended, was the Spanish Barb, run wild on the plains of Texas, it follows that the cayuse got most of his good qualities honestly, as the Barb was full brother to the Arab, from both of whom we get the English thoroughbred. It follows, too, that the cayuse, by virtue of his descent, was much better suited for crossing with thoroughbred or trotting stock than with draft blood. Indeed some of the very best race horses in the West were second or third crosses of blood horse and cayuse mares. Grey Eagle, sold for \$8,500, was bred in that way. In early days at Fort Walsh there was a little half blood, half cayuse, "Bullwhacker" by name, that cleaned up many races in Montana. About 1886, Mr. Oxart, of Maple Creek, brought over several good blood mares from England, some of them bred to Blair Athol, winner of the Derby 1874, and from one mare he got Blair Athol Jr., one of the best horses at a mile to a mile and a quarter in the West. Indeed, he was so

good that a gang of crooks, despairing of beating him, poisoned him by putting a dirty nail through the muscles or his forearm and shoulder, from which he never fully recovered, though carefully nursed by W. Douglas, of Maple Creek, who afterwards sold him to some parties in Montana, where he left some good stock. Another horse raised from the Oxart bunch was "Banquo," an exceptionally fast horse for a half-mile. At Regina, in a fast field, he made the record for the Northwest Territories, running the half in forty-eight seconds, and that to a poor start. Afterwards one of the greatest races ever pulled off at Medicine Hat was between "Banquo" and a good horse owned by MacAbee, of Calgary. Down at Brandon "Banquo" beat this same horse easily and the Maple Creek bunch cleaned up about \$1,600; but in the race at the Hat MacAbee managed, by sleight of hand, to get rid of the weight allowed him in the race and picked it up again at the close of the race before being weighed, the result being that a better race could not have been contrived if the best handicapper on the continent had tried to make a dead heat of the race. It was nip and tuck all the way. A handkerchief would have covered them all round the track, but MacAbee's horse just managed to beat out Banquo by a short neck. The jockey on Banquo did not ride hard until about one hundred yards from the wire, feeling sure Banquo could easily outfoot his rival, but the weight, ten pounds extra, told its own tale. That night the Maple Creek sports and also a good many in the Hat were lamenting, like Lord Ullin's daughter.

In early days Albert Hughes had a good half-bred horse raised by Eckford, of High River, called "Albert H," able to run a half mile in about fifty to fifty-one seconds. He also secured a good pony, bred by Mr. Goddard on the Bow River horse ranch, by "Juryman," able to run a half around 52 seconds. The only time "Tom" was ever beaten in a pony race was by an exceptionally fast grey pony, raised by Oxart at Maple Creek. This was the making of an extra good pony but grew oversize about an inch after which the cowboys matched her against anything and everything, knocking her legs to pieces. In early days Mr. Fisher owned "Danhope," a horse that left some fairly fast ones, among them one raised by John Young, and after passing into the hands of Mr. Lockhart, was sold at Vancouver for \$1,000. Then "Mary Queen of Scots" was an extra good mare, owned by Rod McKenzie, of Winnipeg, and afterwards by Geo. Bailey. Mr. Pollock, of Maple Creek, about 1890, secured an Irish Hunter stallion, a big powerful horse, weighing close to 1400 pounds, which left probably the best all round stock of any light stallion in the whole district, having lots of size and being splendid for either saddle, democrat or farm work. Old "Irish," driven by Jeff. Johnson around the Hat, was one by Mr. Pollock's horses. Unfortunately, he was sold by Mr. Pollock after he had him three or four years and just as his colts began to develop. It was a great loss to the whole district. To Jim English belongs the honour of breeding "Ivanhoe" from a

quarter-bred pony mare, and "Ferdinand," winner of the "Queen's Plate" at Toronto, 1897. Ivanhoe was purchased by T. B. Jenkinson for \$300 and was about the fastest horse at from half a mile to three-quarters in Alberta and was able to hold his own at Winnipeg. Then "Little Charlie," a half cayuse, bred by Mr. Zimmerman from Mr. Nieman's horse "Victor Thorn," won at Calgary, Lethbridge, etc., with a mark of 2.20. The "76" had a very fine big sorrel thoroughbred imported, "Portland," and Joe Mitchell secured the Bureau horse "Acrobat," sold for \$12,000, with a mile record of 1.37½. Joe Johnson, of Maple Creek, imported the Coon, by Persimmon, and Topsawyer, by Hampton, both well bred horses. Nashawk, now at Walsh, is one of the best bred horses in the West, St. Dory, his sire, being by St. Simon from Doris, by Melton (Derby). Doris is the dam of Sysonby, one of the biggest winners with \$146,000 to his credit, as a three-year-old. Two colts, by Nashawk, and owned by J. R. Watt, Claresholm, cleaned up most of the races in Southern Alberta last year, including Lethbridge Derby, mile 1.47, and Alberta Gentleman's Race, with 165 pounds, one mile in one minute and fifty-two seconds—a fine performance. Saddle horses today don't compare with the old stagers. Harry Bray, Art Grant, Jack Hargrave and Jim Mitchell used to ride horses that would cover eighty to one hundred miles in a day. Now thirty miles and most hairy-legged plugs are played out. In 1901 Peter Robertson drove a pair of black mares, half-blood, half-cayuse, from the Stroud place in the Sweet Grass Hills to Medicine Hat in one day, from seven in the morning to nine at night, stopping an hour for dinner at the Hooper and Huckvale ranch; the distance covered being one hundred and twelve miles by section. The late L. B. Cochrane drove his horse, a half-blood, one hundred and four miles the day before the Federal election, 1906, and had him out hauling in voters all next day. Like his owner, he had plenty of "grit" in his make-up. A little cayuse mare, purchased from the Blackfeet by H. Holt for ten dollars, was ridden by a local breed along a line of traps up by Sounding Lake, covering fifty miles a day for three weeks. Two horses, ridden by C. Stredwick "Longboat," and "Brown Jug," Topsawyer, Portland blood, were stayers of the first water, "Brown Jug" running a horse—Alkali—between ten and eleven miles and putting him into the corral, "Brown Jug" running over the bit, while Alkali was blowing like a pair of bellows and all in before he reached the corral. A great piece of horse flesh was "Prince," a little blood horse of about 1,000 pounds, used by R. C. Black in his delivery rig from 1910 to 1918, during which time he killed eight teams. Mr. Black every fortnight put a ton in a heavy democrat and drove to Orion, sixty-five miles, and when fifty miles south hitched "Prince" short and he hauled the load the last fifteen miles every time. Here would be the place to mention the trotting steer raised near Walsh? Along about 1890, Mr. Nugent, who was running the Canadian Pacific Railway stock farm at Forres—

where Sir Donald Smith had a bunch of West Highland cattle that pulled through the severe winter of 1893 without any loss on the range—noticed a range steer that always trotted so hard that no horse could keep up with him except on the gallop. The breaking of that steer calls to mind the story of a certain youngster in Medicine Hat whose uncle died down in Ontario. Being out on the ranch, we asked him if his mother felt bad. "Gee," he replied, "she cut up something terrible. It took my dad eight hours to gentle her down." Well, by all accounts, it took Nugent eight weeks to gentle his trotter, and then he was not a ladies' driver by any means. However, he showed so well in harness that after christening him "Evader," a bunch of Maple Creek sports put up a purse and challenged any green trotter in Manitoba or the Territories, so, notwithstanding his name, they were not evaders. This steer could always let out a notch, and at the three-quarters was generally going fast enough to poke his nose out in front of any trotter's dust, and ran like the Imperial Limited down the stretch. Horns up, tail over the dashboard—the steer always finished the way the winners look in the old pictures of Maud S. and Jay-Eye-See. It was a pity an accident cut short a promising career, as this steer could travel around 2.30.

WOLF HUNTING

When the buffalo swarmed over Southern Alberta and Western Saskatchewan they were followed by bands of wolves, which made a living by preying on the weak and pulling down old bulls, driven out of the herd, and when the buffalo disappeared the wolves naturally turned their attention to the stock running on the range. In these days—some forty years ago—the wolves were very easily trapped or poisoned. However, as Emerson says, experience is a hard taskmaster, and presently the wolf cut his wisdom teeth and learned the lesson of how to detect and defy all traps and poison. "Kootenay Brown," who camped with some "wolfers" on Milk River from 1878 to 1880, said it was no trick to put out strichnine in the carcass of a buffalo and get a half a dozen dead wolves next morning, within the radius of three miles. Vincent Minnizisky, who also followed the trade of poisoning wolves, gives the same testimony. Now you can put out poison, but the wolves—like the grave digger in Hamlet—only digs up the bait, saying, "Alas, I had known thee once but now abhorred in my sight my very gorge rises at thee." Now about the only way to get a wolf is with good hounds. A cross between a grey-hound and stag-hound is about the very best hound to run, coyotes having plenty of speed. But to handle a wolf you must have a cross between Irish wolf-hound and Great Dane or Boar-hound. These are the only kind big enough and game enough. Wolves always made their dens in the Cypress Hills and Graburn, Bulls Head country and south of the Medicine Hat Ranch was a favourite hunting ground for them. In the early nineties a big

grey wolf hunted the country between the Gros Ventre and Box Elder country. A good many ranchers tried to get this fellow, but

"By wily turns and desperate bounds
He baffled ranchers' best wolf hounds."

Finally, however, Sam Leitch came upon him in Grayburn, just after he had made a kill, but before he was tanked up on blood. Being mounted on a good half-blood, grain fed, and hard as nails, with snow six inches deep and soft, he ran the wolf east about five miles, turning him near Nancy's Butte and headed him off several times on the back stretch as he made a break for the Hills. After Leitch had run him about ten miles over a very stiff country, Pete Armstrong and F. Auger came along on their horses and took up the chase. But it was soon apparent the wolf had the measure of their horses, and was beating them in his race for the Cypress. Sam Leitch again took up the running and chased the maurauder so fast and pressed him so hard that he threw up the sponge and jumped through a back window into Scotty Gow's stable, where he was shot. He measured sixteen inches from ear to ear and the back teeth were an inch and a half long. The head, when mounted, made a very fine specimen and was afterwards purchased by Capt. Ross, and for a time adorned the bar-room of the Assiniboine. Altogether the chase covered fifteen miles and is proof of the Irish contention, "a good blood horse can run down anything on four legs except a grey-hound or hare." One of the largest wolves ever killed in Southern Alberta was roped by cowboys on the Circle Ranch. He hunted the country from Forty Mile to the forks of the Bow for three years and defied all efforts at being taken either by traps or poison. He killed three times a week and never went back to anything he pulled down. His method was to ham-string a steer or colt, then cut the artery in the thigh and have a "jamboree" on warm blood. Apparently he liked his drink as well as any old "toper." Prohibition did not affect this fellow, he got his wine-coloured liquor right along and asked no "permit" from any rancher. He seemed to thrive on it, too, as when taken down from Taber to Lethbridge he just tipped the scales at one hundred and sixty-five pounds—a monster wolf. In early days Mr. Manzer had some very good hounds which singly could pull down an antelope in snow a foot deep. On one occasion, about a mile from the Sarnia Ranch, Mr. Manzer was going home, accompanied by three hounds. Just as he came up out of the creek bottom he ran into a bunch of five wolves that had made a kill and were enjoying a feast of prime beef. As he came up on the bench four of the wolves ran away as quick as they could go, stopping on a knoll about three hundred yard off. The other wolf was busy tearing out a choice tit-bit and was sitting with his back towards the hounds. They took after him immediately and bowled him over before he got into his stride. Mr. Manzer galloped forward and, jumping off his horse, seized the wolf by the hind legs, while

the hounds had him pinned down by the throat. Whipping out his pocket knife he cut the sinews of both hind legs, leaving the wolf ham-strung, when the hounds had no trouble finishing him. The hounds pulled down another wolf and Manzer repeated the dose. The dogs tackled a third wolf but were too far spent. Manzer managed to rope the third one, but he caught the tight lariat in his back-teeth and cut through it as wire clippers bite through a strand of barb wire. Mr. Manzer is fairly entitled to honours for making a record bag. Some years ago south of the M-H-R, a big wolf gave considerable bother to stockmen. A cow-puncher from the sand hills took after him on one occasion but his horse, a clyde-hackney cross, pattered out, running with his mouth open before they had covered three miles, so the chase was called off. A short time afterwards one of the Endersby boys, mounted on a little half-blood pony, ran into this same wolf, just as he and his mate came up out of a big coulee. The wolves split and Endersby took after the dog wolf, letting the pony make the running on a three-parts gallop, as he knew he would have to run seven or eight miles at least. For the first three miles the wolf gained a lead of half a mile, but for the next mile he just maintained his position. Then on the fifth mile he began to come back slightly. About the end of the sixth mile Endersby began to close up on him. As the pony came near enough to almost tramp on the tail of his coat, the wolf went fairly mad, beginning to show his teeth and snarl, also twitching his tail like an angry mountain lion. Endersby now uncoiled his lariat and, swinging the rope around his head, made a good throw, dropping the noose over the head of the running animal. The moment the rope struck him he snapped at it, but as it tightened around his neck he made a plunge to the left, leaping in mid-air about five feet and putting such force into his spring that the tug and strain was worse on the pony than roping a big lusty calf for the branding iron in the fall. The pony braced himself and held the rope taut as a fiddle string. Meantime Endersby vaulted from the saddle and ran up with his gun in his hand to give the wolf his quietus. On approaching it was found he had broken his neck so the intervention of "a friendly bullet" was quite unnecessary. The general verdict of stockmen was that hanging or dislocation of the neck was a rather decent sort of death for this particular gentleman, considering his many crimes and depredations.

Every schoolboy knows the recitation in which Llewellyn, finding his faithful wolf-hound covered with gore, runs him through with his sword, believing he had slain his child; only to discover that the hound had killed a wolf instead.

Well, that may be all right as poetry but as a matter of fact very few hounds have ever killed a wolf in single combat. During twenty-five years in the range country we have only come across one authentic case, and even then the hound got some assistance.

This tremendous feat for a hound was accomplished by one belonging to Mr. Starks, and afterwards owned by Mr. Johnson, of Woolchester. As Mr. Johnson was coming down over the ridge from the Cypress Hills his two hounds, dog and bitch, took after what he thought were two coyotes in the distance. However, as one stood his ground, Mr. Johnson knew immediately his dogs were in for a bad fight against a wolf, instead of a coyote. As they closed in, the wolf's hair stood up like quills upon the fretful porcupine, but otherwise he did not move. The bitch, seeing what she had to tackle, slowed up, but the dog, like the trump he was, charged in, though the wolf, side-stepping slightly, tossed the hound about ten feet behind him. As he turned to run, the bitch jumped in like a collie and nipped his hind leg. Wheeling to snap at her, the hound piled on him and they both rolled over in the tussle. This continued all the way down the ridge. Every time the wolf tried to make a get-away the bitch bothered him behind, giving the dog, who was thoroughly game, a chance to get a grip on the neck and throat. Mr. Johnson, having no weapon, was forced to look on helpless. However, having picked up a big rock, he managed to put in a smashing blow on the ribs of the wolf as the dog and he were fighting it out on the ground. It did not seem to count for much as there was still plenty of fight left in the wolf. As they got down to the bottom of the ridge—about three or four miles from where the fight commenced—they rolled over in another death grapple, each trying to slash the throat of the other. Mr. Johnson then whipped out his tobacco knife, putting his foot on the shoulder of the wolf, with the idea of cutting the jugular vein. But the moment the boot touched him the wolf gave a heave and Johnson threw his foot up in the air to maintain his balance, when, quicker than the jaws of a steel trap, the wolf snapped at the boot in mid-air drawing the heel off completely and with the nails as straight as when they were driven home by the cobbler. It was a rather close shave. After this experience the only thing was to heave rocks, and one or two landed with crushing force. In the hay meadow near Henry Hamilton's old ranch they got into a final tussle, and Mr. Johnson, again getting his foot on the wolf, managed to slash the jugular vein. Even then the wolf rose up on his hind legs in a death grapple with the hound, the blood spurting out over the breast of the dog; so they stood up to each other in a locked embrace, each with a death grip on the throat until weak and faint from loss of blood, the wolf fell over with the hound on the top. After the fight Johnson lifted the hound on his pony and took him over to Hamilton's place, where he had to leave him for a month, as he came out of the encounter very badly cut up. Altogether the fight raged over six miles of country and as it lasted almost two hours, this hound deserves the V.C. of dog-dom.

BADGER AND HOUNDS

Next to a wolf, perhaps, a badger gives a hound more trouble than any other animal. C. M. Russell has a picture of a bunch of cowboys bowing to a skunk that is paying a visit to their camp, saying, "All who know him respect him." Well, wise hounds leave the skunk and porcupine severely alone. A badger looks easy, but unless a hound knows his business he is apt to get badly cut up. Joe Desmarais, of Walsh, who hunted buffalo before the police came, went up to work on the Calgary and Edmonton road in 1892. Meeting an Englishman who had imported a bulldog at a long price, Joe decided to try him out on a badger. Teasing the cockney about his dog, Joe got him to shake fifty dollars under his nose, when he snapped at it like a dog at a bone, the bet being fifty dollars that the dog would kill the badger inside an hour. Joe got hold of a big buck badger, then, telling the Chinese cook of the bet, they stretched the badger out and rubbed in cayenne pepper, as if they were dry salting a piece of pork for the nigger trade. Joe says that night all the boys in the camp made a ring beside a little lake up near Lacombe and they turned the badger and bulldog loose. Joe also says, "that Engleesh man, he hop up an down lak wan Jack-in-box, clap he's hans lak wan in the theatre, shoutin' go it Jack! Stay with him lad!" "As fur' me, mak no bull-frog or grass-hopper out of myself. Don't hev to. That badger he lak wan Jew, he tend strictly to business an tak his pound of flesh all the tam. The badger's jaws go all tam, lak pair sheep shears at Sarnia Ranch. By an by that dog he lak a pit bull; he's ears trimmed off, and he's coat look lak piece of fur badly chewed by moth millars, and then dipped in blood. Then the cayenne she sting lak wan hive of bumble bees bitin with their tails. The bulldog he look heap sick, so after they fight near wan hour the Engleesh mans, he say we feenish the fight tomorrow night, but I say your dog he's feenish now, he no be alive tomorrow. You better dig a grave an put up a tombstone.

Here lies the body of my dog Jack,
Wan badger rip him up the neck;
When fifty she pass into my hans,
They're less by wan green Engleesh mans.

✓ Joe's prophecy proved true, the bulldog was wheezin' like a bronk on the end of a rope, the wounds swelling and bringing him to an untimely end next morning.

OLD-TIMERS—WHO'S WHO

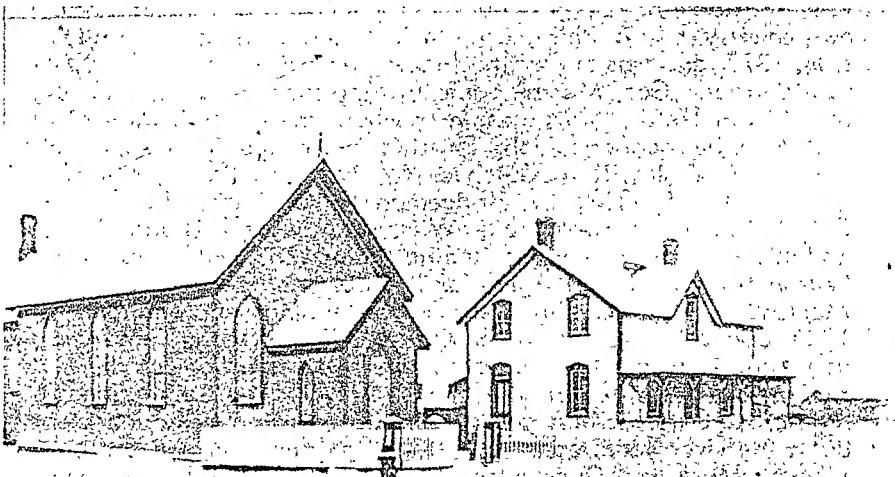
Among old-timers Jas. Hargrave is perhaps entitled to wear the crown, being now fifty-six years in the West. Born in Quebec 1846, came to Fort Garry 1867 in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, working for them at Churchill, Cumberland House, Fort Francis and Portage la Prairie. Came to Medicine Hat early in

1883. Running a good race for second place is T. Gershaw, father of Dr. Gershaw, who managed to live through the terrible winter of 1868-69 in Dakota. Came to Manitoba 1870. Passed through most of the troubles of the pioneer, including the grasshopper plague. In charge of the gang laying the telegraph line from Fort Garry to Edmonton, reaching Hay Lakes, forty miles South-east of Edmonton, 1876. Now seventy-two, but looks ten years younger. Among Mounted Police, four are of the vintage of 1874. Capt. Parker, like Corp. Cameron, was working on a farm in Ontario. Enlisted in 1874 and came West. Travelled from Battleford to Fort Walsh in the fall of '76 with two companies of police, nearly losing twenty horses. Capt. Parker knew Const. Mahoney, who lost his life in quicksand on this same trip, also the half-breed freighter, Marchand, who was arrested after reaching Fort Walsh, but released after an inquiry. Came South in the fall of 1882, arresting two Indians at the Red Deer for shooting horses near Battleford, and almost lost his life as one Indian was drawing a bead on him when he was warned. Killed a buffalo bull on this trip. Took a trip of five hundred miles north to administer justice, in dead of winter, with dog-train. Came to Medicine Hat 1900. Resigned from the force 1912 and is now passing the evening of his life in Medicine Hat.

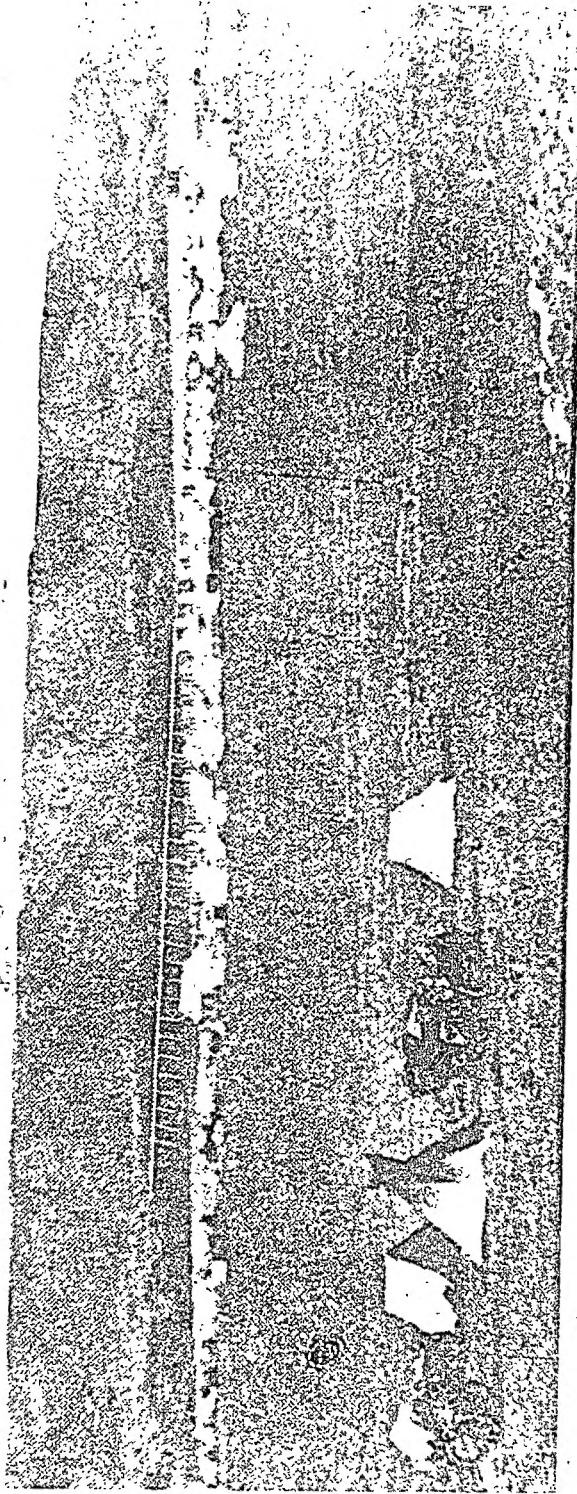
Sergeant Bray, who served in a crack cavalry regiment in Ireland, enlisted in the police 1873. Helped Sam Steele to lick the recruits into shape. Came to Macleod 1874, being in charge of the rear guard from the forks of the Bow down to Milk River. Acted as sheriff around Macleod, where he ranched for some years, coming to Medicine Hat in 1892. Acted as Stock Inspector for many years. Now in his eighty-third year, being born 1840. R. McCutcheon joined the force 1875, coming to Fort Walsh via Fort Benton. Ran the first sawmill in Saskatchewan at Fort Walsh in 1879. Took his place in Riverside in the fall of 1882. Dewdney and others tried to bluff ("Bob," who, however, sat tight, and had his claim as squatter allowed. Sold his place to J. W. Hamilton for \$20,000 in 1906. The first threshing machine was brought up by Mr. Pollock, of Maple Creek, to thresh for Mr. McCutcheon and others. Afterwards McCutcheon and Hawk used to do most of the threshing. Capt. Johnson was one of the earliest settlers, taking his homestead near the Hospital, and ran the ferry for a number of years, while Bob Watson had the homestead between the Five Roses and Ogilvie mills. The late Geo. Borradaile is an old Mounted Policeman, who lived in Medicine Hat before succumbing to an attack of consumption. Jim Sanderson, like the late Michael Quesnelle, was one of the early guides in the police, before going ranching where Grant Bros. now have their ranch. According to Sanderson, Medicine Hat is a translation of the Blackfoot word Sa-a-mis, as a result of a fight between the Blackfeet and Crees. He also mentioned that later on, just before the coming of the police, there was a big fight between them about

six miles down the river, in which the Blackfeet were beaten, the Crees winning because of the prophecies of the Medicine Man, who went into a trance and predicted their victory. It is pleasing to note that one of Mr. Sanderson's grandchildren, after a brilliant university career, is now Government Geologist at Fort Norman. Hugh Hassard is one of the old-timers, coming to Manitoba in the spring of 1877. Farmed near Moose Mountain. Drove west in 1882, reaching Moose Jaw before the road. Mined coal near Estevan and came to Josephburg in 1896, where he both farmed and ranched, milking forty cows. A walking encyclopaedia on mental science, preaching auto-suggestion when Prof. Armand was in swaddling clothes, but a prophet has no honour in his own country. J. T. Bell and his wife also pioneered in Manitoba from 1877, and was one of the first to ship cattle in trainload lots to Montreal. Geo. Murray came to Manitoba in 1882, reaching the Hills in 1897. Among the men who came to Medicine Hat in 1883 may be mentioned John Ewart, Thos. Tweed, W. Cousins, H. Stewart, W. Finlay, R. McCutcheon, W. Tom, Jas. Porter, R. Porter, Chas. Colter, S. Hays, W. Bridgeman, R. C. Porter, Jas. Fisher, Geo. McCuaig, J. Hawk. Jas. Wilson, late of the Brand Office, and his brother farmed at Regina from 1883-1887, when Mr. Wilson became Indian Agent and his brother went ranching at Macleod. Alf. Whiffin went homesteading in Manitoba in 1883, and John Benson in the Qu'Appelle valley the same year, both coming to the Hat almost twenty-five years ago; as did Mr. Keating, who farmed on the Gros Ventre. Fred Smith and his brother were the earliest gardeners, putting in an irrigation plant down the river years ago. In closing, we may mention the Lawrences, Mackays, Quesnelles, LaFramboises, St. Denis', Desmarais', Gardrupys, Dazes' and others, whose forefathers hunted buffalo when there were no white men in the district.

A number of people having desired a copy of Mrs. Morrow's article, "Early Days in Medicine Hat," we have incorporated it in this story.

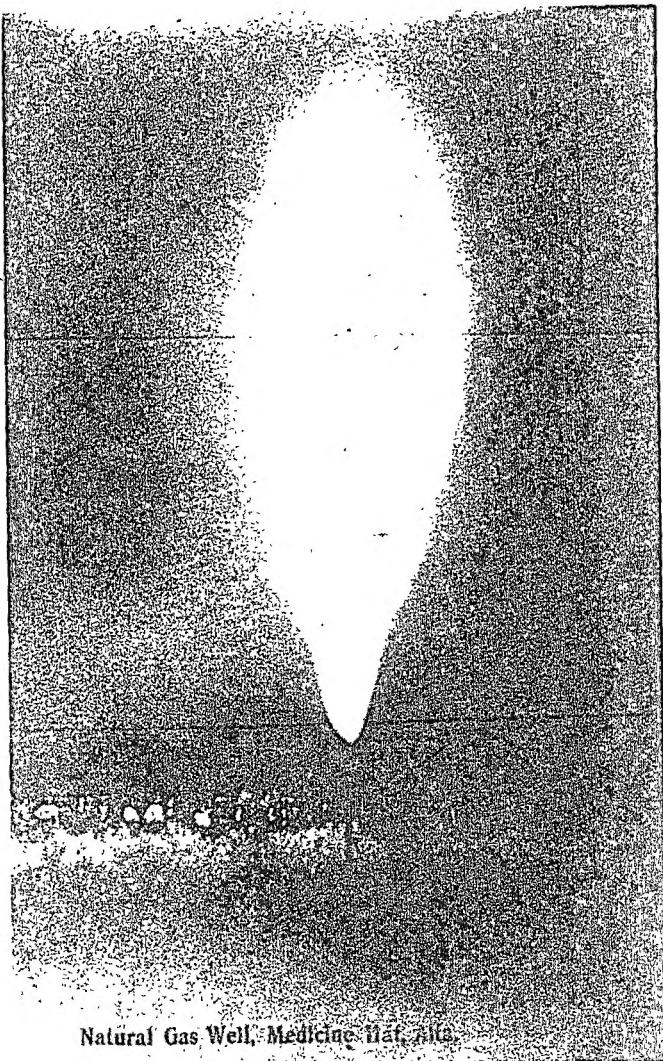


St. John's Presbyterian Church - Boston



MEDICINE HAT IN 1883

A Tent Town



Natural Gas Well, Medicine Hat, Alta.

